THE MOST

Delightful History

OF

REYNARD

THE

FOX:

IN

Heroic Verse.

MUCH

Illustrated and Adorned with Alegorical Phrases

AND

Refined English, containing much Wisdom and Policies of State, under the Fabling Discourse between Birds and Beasts, with a Moral Explanation of each hard and doubtful Place or Part, being not only Pleasant but Profitable, as well to the Learned of the Age, as others.

The like never Published to the World before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Passinger* at the *Three Bibles*, and *Charles Passinger* at the *Seven-Stars* on *London-Bridge*. 1681.

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THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

I Have vouch-ſafed in hopes of your kind Acceptance to diſmiſs this Poem from its cloſe receſs to try its fortune in the World, Recommending it to all that have any Eſteem or Veneration for Tracts of this nature, wherein Wiſdom lies hid under the garments of ſeeming Simplicity: And the Actions of Kings and Potentates are lively to be diſcourſed by the ſimiles or Fables of poor Irrational Creatures. In this piece as in a Cryſtal Mirror, may the Politick Statesman ſee his ſhadow, the flattering Courtier learn how to behave himſelf, and time his Adulations as occaſion offers it ſelf, in order to find beſt acceptance and acquire the ends he aims at; for (as the

the old Proverb rightly says) All is well said that is well taken, *for when we have to deal with those in whose hands is the power of Life and Death, we ought to be cautious and circumspect how we speak, for although it may be intended to no evil end; yet if they wrest it so, it is all one as if it had, as may be seen in the Fable of the Lyon's commanding the horned Beasts upon pain of Death to avoid the Forrest, &c. In this likewise may be observed what Envy is incident to Greatness, and how emulous each is for his own Promotion, and the pulling down of such as are advanced above them, not caring though it procure their own Destruction, so blind is Revenge and Self-Interest as the Examples of most Ages can testifie: Nay how many dear Friends have Ambition and Interest set at mortal Enmity and Distance. In this it is shewn how rich Men can never want Friends, but how every own strives to adore the rising-Sun which confirms the Poets Asseveration.*

Donec eris fœlix multos numerabis Amicos,
Nullus ad amissas ibit Amicus opes.

Englished thus,

Whilst thou art rich, there's Friends on every side,
But in lost Riches no Friends will confide.

For

For though a man be of never so sordid and base a Temper, yet if the Mammon of this world is but his slave, all reverence him with low Respect, though nought they gain thereby. When on the contrary, if he were of never so excellent a Temper, and indued with all the Perfections that Heaven could bestow upon him, yet if he sunk beneath the Wheel of Fortune, those Crouds of Favorites that lately shewed their utmost Diligence to serve him, and like Swallows in the Summer-season of his prosperity, sang melodiously to his Morning-wake, would fly away and leave him in the storm to be handied against the Rocks of his Misfortune, even in the lowest ebb, when there is no Sea-room left nor Harbour accessible to save him from a Wrack. Thus in the state of those who give themselves over to the smooth Devices of fallacious Flatterers, against these Underminers Wisdom is the only guard by that you may discern a true Friend from a false one, and how to beware of a subtile Enemy, lest he bring you into a Snare, and then take the advantage of your Misery to revenge himself: Let this be a general Rule, that Strength without Policy seldom prevails or works the end it aims at, but Policy often atchieves great things out of nothing, and often maintains what it possesses. Thus I having given you intimations of the most material drift of this Book,

I shall

I shall only proceed to say if it be seriously weighed and thoroughly understood, it is the only Book to study men by, and to observe the Conditions both of high and low. Here are Plots, and Counter-Plots, Policys and Stratagems, which the wisest have been accustomed to use in order to the preventing and circumventing of their Enemies, and to advance themselves by bringing them into disgrace: So that often the snare that has been layd for the weak, has intangled the mighty; wherefore knowing that such pleasant Fables are acceptable to most, I have presumed to put them into Heroic Verse, in the sweetest, still, and smoothest Language now in use, what has been formerly written of this kind, having been old English, composed of harsh and unintelligible words, but in this explained by moral, and largely augmented, suitable to the times, by him who is

Your Loving Country-man

To serve you

JOHN SHURLEY.

THE Delightful Hiſtory OF REYNARD THE FOX.

CHAP. I.

How firſt the Princely Lyon did proclaim
A Solemn Feaſt, to which in numbers came
All Beaſts, except the Fox, who did refrain,
'Gainſt whom the Hound & Wolf do much complain.

ABout the Feaſt of Pentecoſt, when all
The Sun's bright rays ſhone on this earthy Ball,
When Trees were in their gaudy Liv'ry dreſs'd,
And ſmiling Flowers each fragrant Field poſſeſs'd,
When balmy ſweets perfum'd the gentle Air,
And blooming Spices ſcented from afar.

All Nature then rejoycing in her prime,
Whilst Birds sat warbling on the boughs sublime,
Even in the Glory of the pleasant Spring,
The Lyon then of Savage Beasts the King,
To celebrate this Sacred Festival,
Did all the Beasts that rang'd the Forrests call,
And those of Fields, nor did Domesticks spare
On his high Summons to attend him there.

He

He had late builded him a Royal Court,
Sanden by name, in troops they there reſort,
Fearing that might and pow'r to dare offend,
On which their Lives and Fortunes did depend.
The Fox excepted none were abſent found,
But all with reverence did encompaſs round
Their King, who with his Queen was plac'd on high,
But *Reynard*'s guilt had cauſed him to fly,
Or lurk cloſe in his Den, for well he knew
How he had injur'd moſt o'th Savage Crew;
And that againſt him they complaints would make,
When ſilence being cry'd, thus *Iſgrim* ſpake:
Iſgrim the Wolf, who was to *Reynard* kin,
Did to the Princely Lyon thus begin.

May it pleaſe your Highneſs, my dread Sovereign Lord,
To your Leige Subject Audience to afford,
And hear the Greivances I ſhall relate,
Which *Reynard* did 'gainſt me and mine create,
To teſtifie which, all my Friends I've brought;
But ſince your Summons he eſteems as nought,
Refuſing to appear, as knowing he
Has hurt ſome hundreds more, as well as me,
Leſs witneſs might have ſerv'd, but hear dread King
The dire complaint that I againſt him bring:
Not long ago when I from home did ſtray,
For my Younglings to procure ſome prey,
Reynard did happen to paſs by that way,
Where my houſe ſtood beneath a buſhy hill,
There ent'ring ſore againſt my wives good will,
Found all my Children lying at their eaſe;
He with injurious deeds did ſo diſpleaſe
Them and their Mother, that they wiſh'd him thence,
For ſuch was the baſe Foxes inſolence,
That making of his buſhy tayl to riſe,
He piſs'd moſt furiouſly in all their eyes,
Whoſe fatal Urine quickly made them blind:
For this a day of hearing was aſſign'd,

The Moral.

In what kind ſoever a wicked man imagines to eſcape juſt puniſhment by abſconding from Juſtice, yet he only flatters himſelf with what will not avail him, and gives his enemies leave by his abſence to magnifie his Crimes and render them greater than indeed they are, as in this is made manifeſt.

Wherein he ſhould appear to clear his Crime,
Your ſelf Dread Lord being pleas'd to fix the time,
And ſwear him guiltleſs, by a ſollemn Oath;
But he we ſee has now neglected both,
In high Contempt againſt your Laws and Crown,
The which if ſuffer'd, blaſts your high renown,
And him will to far greater pride inure,
Which I no longer can from him indure;
But here ask Juſtice of your Majeſty,
Well hoping that your Highneſs won't deny
To right my wrongs, which if you do, my hand
Shall cruſh the Traytor without your command.

No ſooner *Iſgrim* left, but up did riſe
A little Hound, who with dejected eyes
His doleful tale began (*Curtine* his name)
And yelping thus, did *Reynard*'s frauds proclaim:
When Winter's cold had lock'd up every Spring,
And did o'r Earth his ſnowy Mantle fling;
Half ſtarv'd I was, ſo ſparing in my Meat,
One Pudding being all I had to eat,
The which one Morning *Reynard* coming by
The place where I had hid it, did eſpy,
And whilſt I ſleep'd in ſtraw, without delay
He did it ſtraight unto his Den convey,
By reaſon of which, ever ſince poor I
With hunger have been ready for to die.

Scarce had he ended, but fierce *Tibert* came
So charg'd with fury that her eyes ſpark'd flame.
Puſs falling down, the King did firſt adore,
Then parring an Audience did implore,
Which granted, ſhe proceeded in the ſtrife,
And *Reynard*'s Cauſe did manage to the life.

Touching the Hounds complaint, ſhe firſt did ſay,
He his Indictment did through malice lay.
It being long ſince that ſmall fact was done,
And that the Hound himſelf had firſt begun,
The fraud he would have you dread King believe,
For firſt he me o'th pudding did deceive:

I to a Mill to hunt for Mice being bound,
No ſooner entred, but this Pudding found,
Where it the careleſs Miller had beſtow'd,
With which from thence my ſelf I ſoon did load.
When this ſame Hound did meet me by the way,
And (*vi & armis*) took it ſtrait away;
Therefore for it if he now dare contend,
I ſay that *Reynard* did not him offend,
But me my ſelf, and I forgive moſt free
All things in which my Couzen injur'd me.
This when the *Panther* heard, he ſternly ſaid,
Tybert, think you that theſe complaints are made
Againſt your Kinſman cauſleſly (not ſo)
For all of us his frequent miſchiefs know:
Know him a murtherer and ſubtle thief,
A raviſher and baſe beyond belief;
Contemptous to all Creatures, nay the King
He hates, and wou'd him into miſchief bring,
Wer't in his pow'r, or could there profit riſe,
Whereby he might but gain himſelf a prize;
As *Keward* the poor *Hare* who here attends,
Can witneſs how he ſerves his faithful Friends;
Diſſembling of Religion on a day,
He would be teaching him his Creed to ſay,
And that a Chaplain he ſhould ſoon be made,
At which the eaſie *Hare* his will obey'd,
Deſirous in Religion to be taught,
But 'twas his blood the thirſty *Reynard* ſought;
For having got him once within his pow'r,
He ſtraight deſign'd to kill and then devour,
Which he had done, had I not chanc'd come by,
And heard poor *Keward Credo*, *Credo*, cry;
When ſteping in, I him half ſtrangl'd found,
For *Reynard* on his throat had fix'd a wound;
But reſcu'd by my hand, I ſet him free,
And caus'd inſulting *Reynard* ſtrait to flee:
Think you that ſtand in his defence, that theſe
Abhorr'd deeds can our dread Sovereign pleaſe;

No,

No, they'l impair the lustre of his Throne,
Disgrace his Children that are yet unknown;
Therefore 'tis fit that Judgment pass and he
Be made example to Posterity.
To whom the *Wolf* reply'd, most Royal Friend,
All you have said, is true, and we will lend
Our hands to bring him unto Justice due,
To suffer pains that yet no Traytor knew.

The Moral.

Impiety is never without some to back it or speak in its praise, and be a man never so vicious, yet either for their own ends or otherwise some or other will stand up in his behalf; if greatness or consanguinity be present, as may be observed by the Brock's vindicating the Fox, who was wealthy, and his Kinsman: and farther from this may be gathered the insinuating policies of a cunning Advocate, to extenuate Crimes and surrond all mnnatr

CHAP. II.

Grimbard *the* Brock *does take fly* Reynard's *part,*
And pleads their Malice 'gainst his high desert.

GRimbard the *Brock*, being *Reynard*'s Sister's Son,
In angry mood before the King begun.
Isgrim, thy Malice here is plainly shown,
And Malice we know ne'r speaks well of none;
If you that here accuse my dearest Friend,
Had all your crimes divulg'd, I fear your end
Would not fall short of death, if to the light
Each one you'd injur'd shou'd now seek their right:
Nay, *Reynard*, my dear Kinsman may complain,
How oft your Phangs have made him suffer pain,
And how you have deceiv'd him of his due,
Witness the time when from the Cart he threw
A well grown *Place*, though well you had not power
For to effect, yet you cou'd soon devour,
When he had cast it on the Earth's cold stones,
And for his share assign'd him nought but bones:
Nay, farther when by his ingenious slight,
A flitch of Bacon he procur'd one night;
You undertook to watch it, but whilst he
Went to fetch more, devour'd it greedily,

Not

Not leaving him his hunger to allay,
But with fair words sent him content away;
Therefore great King, though *Reynard* absent be,
Yet these that do accuse are worse than he,
And therefore Justice ought for to be us'd
Against all those that have his fame abus'd;
What if he lay with *Isgrim*'s Wife, 'tis true
He did, but 'twas before that *Isgrim* knew
Her many years, yet to his endless shame,
He her disgrace and his does now proclaim,
Which any wise man would have still conceal'd,
And not to his own slander have reveal'd
A secret, which being known does breed much scorn,
There's none but weak brain'd Cuckolds blow the Horn:
And as for *Keward*'s wound it is but small,
Although the *Panther* does that crime extol;
For who to School at any time did go,
That fom his Master did receive no blow;
If *Keward* would not learn, it was but fit
That by my Uncle he should then be beat;
And next the *Hound* does make his sad complaint,
That for his Puddings loss he oft did faint:
'Tis true he lost it, but 'twas evil got,
And therefore was not destin'd to his Lot;
'Tis fit that what we do unlawful gain
We should with ease the loss of it sustain;
For from a Theif, it is no sin to steal,
Or if it were, yet how dares he reveal
Such Crimes as the wise Laws have mark'd with death,
And not to fear the losing of his breath.
Which *Reynard* might have justly rear'd by Law,
If for the King he had not had such awe
And reverence as made him to desist,
Because he would nor Supreme Pow'r resist,
Though for the same he small respect has won,
But left by malice thus to be undone;
Though he is noble in his meanest deeds,
And nought he does but what the Priest arcads;

ner of villanies under the pretence of Zeal and Justice, which in it self is only hypocrisie, and often deceives the well meaning and upright man, and makes him melt into compassion and forgiveness.

His

His ſtately Caſtle *Mellipardus* now
Is left, and he a Hermets Life does vow.
His wealth diſpos'd of, nought he now retains,
But what from charitable minds he gains,
With Penance and with Faſtings grown ſo poor,
That all who ſee him do his caſe deplore;
So ſpake the *Brock* on his dear Kinſman's ſide,
When down the hill deſcending all eſpi'd
The lofty creſted Cock, ſhrill *Canteecleer*,
With his dead Wife laid ſilent on a Bier,
Whoſe head the Fox did at one ſnap divide
From her fair body, of which wound ſhe dy'd:

CHAP. III.

Loud Chantecleer *complains unto the King Of* Reynard, *and his Wives dead Corps does bring.*

FOrmoſt of thoſe that did attend the Bier,
In doleful wiſe march'd doleful *Cantecleer*;
Next him two drooping *Hens*, whoſe voyces ſmall
Proclaim'd their ſorrow for their Siſter's fall:
Copple the one, *Cragant* the other was,
Who all the *Hens* of *Holland* did ſurpaſs
For fairneſs, and each one a taper bore,
With flames bright ſhining, whilſt they thus deplore
Their Siſter's fatal and unhappy end:
Alack, awell-aday, our deareſt Friend
By *Reynard*'s treachery is baſely ſlain,
Now what for us but ſorrow does remain?
Likewiſe the two young *Hens* that did ſupport
The Bier, did cackle in ſuch doleful ſort,
As made the ecchoing hill return the ſound,
Whilſt *Cantecleer* fell proſtrate on the Ground:
Thus to the King his ſupplication made,
And that he might have Audience loudly pray'd;

The Moral.

When wicked perſons have not the power by open force to hurt or annoy their Neighbour, then they plot by fraud to ſeduce him to give credit to their fair ſpeeches, under which is lodged only malice and ſelf-Intereſt, ſo that when by their eaſie belief they have got it in their powers to hurt them, they will not fail to do their utmoſt endeavours, nay, many times under a religious guize, they draw men into

Moſt

Moſt Merciful, and Gracious Soveraign King,
Of whoſe dread Clemency I ever Sing,
Regard my Sufferings and revenge my Ill,
Behold my Wife whom *Reynard* late did Kill.
In Aprils firſt beginning in the Pride,
Of all my State, my Stock was Multiply'd.
For then to me my Wife produced Fair
Seven Daughters, and of Sons full ſtout four Pair,
Which were well Fleſh'd, and round me ſtill did Wait,
In Yards Incloſ'd with Pails a well-Barr'd Gate,
Guarded with *Maſtifs* Six; Whoſe fierceneſs made
Wild beaſts full oft to their own Coſts afraid,
Having Torn them oft, in their furious Heat:
Into this place the *Fox* Attempts to get,
But try'd in vain; my Children void of Fear
I did ſuppoſe might reſt ſecurely There.
But he Endeavour'd ſtill, till at the Laſt,
The *Dogs* were Looſ'd, and follow'd him ſo faſt
That they or'e took him and his Skin did rend,
Wou'd Heav'n they then of him had made an End,
Long time he did forbear and we had Reſt,
Till at the laſt, he like a *Hermet* Dreſt,
Came with a Letter from your Majeſty;
Upon which I no ſooner caſt my Eye,
But that it did include, I underſtood
A general Peace, for all your Subjects good;
He further added, we from Fear might now
Abſtain, for he had made an Holy Vow,
To live Recluſe a *Monk* deſign'd to dwell
In the cloſe Confines of a Cloiſter'd Cell,
And that of Fleſh he never more would Taſt,
Shewing his Beads, his Girdle round his Waſt,
His Shirt of Hair, which humbly he did Wear;
Saying henceforward, great Sr. *Cantecleer*,
There is no Danger in me; thus he ſay'd,
And then himſelf beneath a *Hauthor* Lay'd,
Saying his *Credo*. I was very glad,
That he ſo great a Kindneſs for me had:

into Snares, from whence there is no eſcaping, as may by the Fox be more plainly demonſtrated, who gained ſo much Credit with the Cock as to intice him without the walls; and then devoured his wife and children, which he could not do, whilſt they were within their ſtrengths.

And took no heed of safety, none at all,
But lead my Children strait without the Wall,
Which makes me now Repent my quick belief,
And causes thus my Over-flowing Grief;
For when we Earnest were intent at Meat,
He slyly Crept betwixt us, and the Gate;
And Catching one of my fair Children then,
He puts him in his Mail, and to his Den
With speed he hies, whose Blood being tasted he
Still haunts the Place, and has bereaved me
Of all my Children except Four; no sound
Of Horn can fright him, nor the noise of Hound;
And Yesterday my Wife he Barbarous slew,
Whom Murther'd I present unto your View;
Beseeching that your Highness now wou'd please,
To right me, and Revenge such Cruelties.

CHAP. IV.

These great Complaints do much incense the King,
He Answers and the Hen's *a Dirge do sing.*

The Moral.

Here those that will be forward to vindicate wicked Persons, may see how they after will meet with just reproose and shame for such their unjust undertakings, as now the Brock must be obliged to confess. In the Lyon, is to be observed, an good Magistrate, who Endeavours

THe King look'd stern and unto *Grimbard* call'd,
Who on the *Foxe's* side, so long had Baul'd;
Hear you Sr. *Grimbard*, what new Crimes are lay'd,
Against your Uncle, what can now be say'd,
In Vindication of so foul a Fact,
This Murther which he did so lately Act?
But let that pass, his Punishment's delay'd,
Till Funeral Rites to the Deceas'd are Pay'd,
And then I will Confute my Lords what Pain
He do's deserve, that has fair Copple Slain:
This said, *Placebo Domine* they Sing,
And to the Grave prepar'd the Corps they bring;
And on it do Erect a Marble Tomb,
With this Inscrib'd, That Ages yet to Come

May

May hear of *Reynard* and eſcape ſuch Fate,
Here lies fair Copple who was Wife but Late
To *Cantecleer* who was by *Reynard* Slain,
Mourn for her Death, by him unjuſtly Tain.
This ended, all in haſte the King did ſend,
An Order that his Councel ſhou'd Attend
On him with ſpeed, that ſo they may Invent,
A way to bring the *Fox* to Puniſhment:
And ſtrait Commanded, that ſome one ſhou'd go,
To *Mellepardus*, to let *Reynard* know,
It was his Pleaſure, he ſhould then reſort
To Anſwer for his Crimes before the Court:
Among the number preſent it became,
Great *Bruin's* Task, to undertake the ſame:
When as the King, did thus to him Addreſs,
Sir *Bruin*, 'tis beneath you I Confeſs
To undertake this Meſſage, but let me
Intreat you at this time that ſpeedily,
You haſte to *Reynard*, but beware his Wile,
Leſt he with Fraud your noble mind Beguile;
Tell him 'tis my Command he ſtrait Appear,
Himſelf of theſe objected Crimes to Clear.
Let me alone with him the *Bear* Reply'd,
I in ſuch Buſineſs, have been often Try'd;
My Wiſdom is ſufficient me to Save,
From all the Wiles of ſuch a Crafty Knave,
And when to Morrow dawns I will proceed,
To find him out, as you have now decreed.

deavours to comfort and ſuccours the oppreſſed, and to right their wrongs, and to take compaſſion on their unjuſt ſuffering, as may be obſerved in his giving burial to the Hen, which might in ſome Senſe mitigate the Affliction of the Cock. *In the* Bear's *forwardneſs, to fetch the* Fox, *is ſignified how ready we are to take Pains in gratifying our private revenge, or grudg, againſt thoſe that have injured us, though we get nothing by ſo doing.*

CHAP. V.

How Bruin *went to find the* Fox *with Care,*
And was by him Intangl'd in a Snare.

AS ſoon as from Light-giving Eaſtern Skies,
The Purple Morn uſher' d the Suns upriſe,
Away went *Bruin* on his Errand great,
Thinking he coul'd the ſubtilſts Plot defeat;
Through many Gloomy places he did ſtray,
E'r he to *Mellepardus* found the way,
For though the *Fox* had many Cheats, yet this
Was held the Chief in which he had moſt bliſs;
Where coming to the Gates, he found them Faſt,
At which he knock'd, and on his Tail at laſt
Sitting, aloud he Cry'd; O ho within,
Are you at home, why ſpeak you not again?
This *Reynard* hearing as he basking lay
On Turfs, that did oppoſe the Sun's bright Ray,
Streight knew his Voice, but made him no reply,
Reynard, you muſt to Court the Bear did Cry;
The King hath ſent me for to bring you ſtreight,
And all the Court for your appearance wait,
To anſwer to thoſe Crimes which now at large,
Moſt heighouſly are lay'd unto your Charge.
To come, if you neglect, or ſhall deny
The King hath ſworn, for't that you ſhall die,
And all your Land's at his diſpoſal lie.
Therefore dear Kinſman let me now adviſe,
And as you often have been counted wiſe,
So ſhew your ſelf, in this your Lord obey.
Reynard obſerving all the Bear did ſay,
Into his Mazy Den ſtrait took his way.

A place with many holes that under ground,
Turn intricate, and are not eaſie found:
Here he conſults a while how he may bring
The Bear into diſgrace before the King;
For well he knew, he was to him no Friend,
Then quickly to the Gates he does aſcend;
And opening them, do's thus Sr. *Bruin* greet,
Dear Uncle pardon me I did no ſooner wait;
But you are welcome, and I'm glad to ſee
You are ſo kind as thus to viſit me.
I was at my Devotion, and you know,
Unto Religion chief reſpect we ow:
That made me at the firſt for to delay,
Next Heaven, my King, and you, 'tis I obey.
I wonder that the King would daign to ſend,
On ſuch a Meſſage, his beloved friend,
A meaner Subject might have ſerv'd for this,
Yet had you not arriv'd, tho I did wiſh
To ſee you, yet to morrow early, I
Intended to the Court with ſpeed to hie;
But ſince you'r come, my heart is more at reſt,
Becauſe you have good Counſel well expreſt.
You being of the Noble Blood, no fear
But that you ſpeak as you did lately hear.
I wiſh we were at Court; 'twould eaſe much pain,
That we in tedious Travel muſt ſuſtain;
For ſince my ſinful ſelf I mortify'd,
I have the eating of all fleſh deny'd,
And fall'n to new Dyet, which for want
Of being us'd to, renders me ſo faint,
That I much fear it will a Surfeit breed,
And I ſhall ſcarce be able to proceed.
Pray ſaid Sir *Bruin*, what is that ſtrange meat
That you vouchſafe ſo greedily to eat;
To whom the Fox moſt craftily reply'd,
(Knowing the Bear lov'd honey, yet to hide
His cloſe deſign) alaſs it is too mean
For you great Sir; the Poor, what they can get

The Moral.

By the Fox and the Bear are ſignified two vicious and crafty men, who do endeavour to ſnare each other by their feigned pretences of Love and Friendſhip, where wit or ſubtilty is to the higheſt put to proof, as may be more clearly obſerved by the Foxes taking the Bear with a Bait of honey, which he knew he would covet before he ſpoke of it; and by his being wounded, Is ſignified the many dangers and hazards Covetous men run into to gain to themſelves profit or pleaſure, or farther, that when a vitious

Muſt *man who has*

hurt many is once snared, he shall not want such as will revenge the Wrongs that in the time of his prosperity he has done unto them.

Must be contented with what you think fit;
You still command, and have it at your wish.
Nay, pray said *Bruin* let me know the dish
You late have chose; I know you will not eat
Of any thing, unless 'tis pure and neat.
Truly said *Reynard*, if it must have went
With Honey, that course meat; I am content.
Honey the Bear reply'd, what wou'd you more?
The only Dainty Kings and Queens adore.
'Tis fit for Princes! Oh had I the luck
A sweet distilling Honey-Comb to suck,
What wou'd I give? but speak dear Couzen, say,
Know'st thou of none that's onward of our way;
It will ingage me to be ever firm
To thee, and shield thee from the worst of harm.
Sir, said the Fox, I fear you do but Jest,
For, if in Earnest; I have such a nest,
As twice five Bears with hunger sore oppre'st
Cannot devour; this made Sir *Bruin* smile,
Who wagg'd his tayl, and lick'd his chaps the while;
Saying, (nay with an Oath his words he bound,)
There cou'd not in the World so much be found
Of that delicious food, as wou'd suffice
Him for one Meal; to which the Fox replys,
Dear Uncle, for the love I bear to you,
The place I'le shew, and you shall find it true.
If it be so, and me to it you bring,
I'le plead your cause for you before the King,
Reply'd Sir *Bruin*, the well pleas'd Bear,
When as to speak, your proudest Foes shan't dare.
Then strait to *Lanfert's* yard the Fox did lead
The, Bear on promis'd Honey-combs to feed;
Where to his wish a sturdy Oak he found,
Which workmen had been cleaving on the ground;
But were to Dinner gone, and in it left
Large Wedges, which had caus'd a mighty Cleft,
Wide gaping at one end, then *Reynard* said,
Here Uncle, in this place the honey's laid;

Thrust

Thruſt boldly in your head and eat your fill,
Yet Moderation uſe, leſt it ſome ill
Diſtemper ſhou'd produce, and then the blame,
Muſt needs be mine, who lead you to the ſame.
Fear not Sir *Reynard*, joyfully *Bruin* ſaid,
Think you that I have been no wiſer read,
Dear Nephew doubt not; and with that his head,
And paws he thruſt into the fatal Tree,
Thinking to fare there moſt deliciouſly;
The which perceiv'd, the Fox with nimble haſt,
Pulls out the wedges, and incloſes faſt
The almoſt ſtrangl'd Bear, who loud did roar,
And piteouſly Sir *Reynards* Aid implore;
Whilſt he derided him in ſcornful wiſe,
Pray Uncle don't the Honey now ſuffice?
I fear there is too much, which makes you roar,
Becauſe you'r fill'd and cannot eat no more;
Come leave it Uncle till another time,
The Sun i'th Eaſt now high begins to climb,
We ſhall be late at Court and ſo be chid.
The Bear who heard all, though his head was hid,
Was much inflam'd, but could be freed no ways,
Till with his noiſe he did the Village raiſe;
Firſt *Lantfert* came, and cry'd aloud, the Bear
Is taken faſt, at which they all repair,
With Spits, and Prongs, with Ladles, Broomſticks, ſome,
And on his rough hide furiouſly they Drum;
Shouting aloud, the Bear is taken faſt,
Then did Dame *Jellock* with her Diſtaff haſt,
For ſhe was ſpinning, and the Prieſt from Maſs
Came running, and with him he brought the Croſs,
Inſtead of other Weapon, all with rage
Poor *Bruin* do moſt furiouſly engage;
Who long time ſtruggl'd under weighty blows,
Encompaſs'd round with unrelenting foes;
Till at the laſt he did himſelf unpin,
From his cloſe Pillory, but left the skin
Of both his paws behind him, and his head

No

No better far'd, for why, his ears were flea'd;
And all the skin that us'd to cloath his face
Was rent and torn from of its proper place;
A woful ſpectacle to gaze upon,
Yet did they not forbear, but ſtill lay'd on;
Which the poor Bear perceiving, through the Throng
He burſt, himſelf into a River flung;
Thinking it ſafer for to truſt the Waves,
Than to be maul'd by ſuch tempeſtuous Knaves;
Yet not alone it was he took the flood,
For as the good Wives on the brink thick ſtood,
He drove before him at leaſt half a ſcore,
Who floating piteouſly, did help implore;
And whilſt all hands aloft were there imploy'd
The Bear moſt ſwiftly down the Stream did glide,
And ſcap'd their Fury's, on the other ſide;
He crawl'd aſhore when he had ſwum a mile,
To reſt himſelf from his ſo fatal toil;
Bemoaning much his woful cauſe, when lo
The Fox came through the Woods that bordering grow
Along the River ſide, and did expreſs,
Much Joy for *Bruin's* Death as he did gueſs
Suppoſing he was dead, as who could leſs?
When caſting round his eyes in woful plight,
The Bear was repreſented to his ſight;
Which made him ſtart and rail againſt the rout,
Becauſe his Brains they had not beaten out;
O fools ſaid he, how cam't you let him go,
When to your hands I had inſnar'd him ſo,
That you might eaſily have ſeiz'd his life,
Have took the prize, and ſaved me much ſtrife?
For he, my greateſt Foe, had he been ſlain,
There's few at Court againſt me wou'd complain;
But now he lives to tell the King of all
The dire Misfortune that did him befall,
Which when 'tis known I did inſnare him in,
It greatly will augment my former ſin;
The King will rage againſt me, paſt diſpute,

Yet

Yet notwithſtanding *Bruin* I'le ſalute;
Then coming near unto the wounded Bear,
He cry'd, good Uncle pray how do you fare,
Lik'd you the Honey, tell me Sir was't ſweet,
Or did you with ſome Bees amongſt it meet,
Whoſe ſharp tip'd ſting did croſs your noble Will
By rude aſſaults, er'e you could eat your fill?
I wonder truly what was in your mind,
To come away and leave your gloves behind.
'Tis ſure, the Carpenter was no ſuch Cheat,
To ask a Pawn for any thing you eat:
Or if he had, had you reply'd again,
I am Sir *Bruin* and to *Reynard* Kinn,
He wou'd have ſoon diſmiſs'd you ſhot-free, why
Becauſe all friends of mine that er'e paſs by
He welcomes with a ſtrange Civility.
Ha, both your Ears are gone, pray Uncle tell
How this did hap, your Landlord did not well,
To uſe you thus, or is't Religious guize?
This hood becomes you, makes you look moſt wiſe;
Pray Uncle what's the Order you intend
To take upon you? Heaven protect my Friend;
How they've ſnip'd you, who waſt ſhav'd your Crown?
At this the Bear enrag'd began to frown,
And ſaid, thou Traitor, thou eternal Plague,
Dar'ſt thou do Miſchief and inſulting brag
Of thy fowl Treaſons? O that I could catch
Thee now, but once within my vengeful reach;
I'd tear thee piece-meal, cruſh thee ſmall as duſt,
Perfidious Villain, to betray thy Truſt.
No more he anſwer'd, but in painful ſort,
He does endeavour to attend the Court,
Licking his wounded feet that oft did bleed,
Whilſt *Reynard* does to *Mellepardus* ſpeed
With a fat Hen he lately ſtole; the Bear
By his long tumbling do's in ſight appear
Of the fair Court, where all aſſembled were.
Who ſpying him each one began to ſtart,

Many of them then offering to depart,
Suppoſing him ſome Monſter or ſome Fiend,
Until the King who higheſt did Aſcend
Cry'd, 'tis Sir *Bruin* my moſt faithful friend,
What Villain has thus wrong'd him, when I know
By Death his Pride I ſoon will overthrow.
By this time was the Bear arriv'd though faint,
And to the Lyon thus began his plaint.
See, See, dread Soveraign Lord, the woful State
Your Servant's in who did obey ſo late
Your high Command, falſe *Reynard* has betray'd
My Life to thoſe whoſe hands no Mercy ſway'd.
On him revenge my wrongs, regard my Moan.
At this the Lyon fetch'd ſo loud a groan,
That all the Forreſt trembled, and each Beaſt
Was With a ſuddain fit of fear poſſeſt,
Swearing by his Crown and Scarlet Throne,
The Fox ſhou'd die the worſt of Deaths yet known.
A Counſel then he call'd who ſtrait agree,
That he once more to Court ſhould ſummon'd be;
And think wiſe *Tybert* fitteſt to imploy,
In undertaking of this Embaſſy;
At which the King much pleas'd, it is decree'd
That Puſs ſhou'd on her Meſſage ſoon proceed.

CHAP. VI.

CHAP VI.

How Tybert *by the King's Command was ſent To fetch the Fox, and of the ſad event.*

The Moral.

THe Cat being call'd, low cringing did appear,
When as the Lyon ſaid, Sir *Tybert* hear;
My Councel have thought fit to make a Choice
Of you, (and it has paſs'd by every voice),
To go to *Mellipardus*, and with ſpeed
Haſten the Fox to Court, no more you need;
Tell him 'tis Death if once he dares deny,
To which the humble Cat did thus reply;
May't pleaſe your Majeſty to hear me ſpeak,
I am unfit this thing to undertake;
None but ſuch as my fatal woe deſign,
Wou'd me a Task ſo hazardous enjoyn;
For if Sir *Bruin* fail'd whoſe ſtrength is great,
And was ſo us'd, what will be my poor fate?

In this Expreſs with which the Cat is commanded to fetch the Fox is ſignified how much a Magiſtrate ſhould preſer Wiſdom before Strength and might, eſpecially where the Fox deals by ſubtilty and ſlights: yet in the Cats unwillingneſs it is again ſeen how

how loath wise men are to hazard their lives or Reputations in undertaking matters of dangerous consequence, when on the contrary vain-glorious men are ever ambitious to undertake all adventures though they bring them at the last to shame and ignominy.

It is not Strength but Wisdom said the King
Must here prevail, therefore to deal with him
You are most fit, then hast you with all speed.
If you command, my Lord, 'tis sure decreed,
Hap what will hap, Sir *Tybert* then reply'd,
Though Fate be in't you shall not be deny'd;
Then swiftly he to *Mellipardus* hies,
When on Expanded wings by him there fly's
One of St. *Martins* birds, presaging ill,
Yet arm'd with hope he kept his Journey still:
Being with speed to *Mellipardus* bound,
Where he the *Fox* before his Castle found.
And after kind Salutes he did unfold
The Message he was charged with, which being told;
Dissembling *Reynard* thus in answer said,
Health to the King, his will shall be obey'd;
Dear Couzen, rest but with me till 'tis day
And joyfully we'l travel on our way.
Sir *Bruin* he was here but in such Mood,
With him to trust my self I thought not good:
But you my Kinsman, my most loving friend,
On you I will most joyfully attend:
But 'tis now late, let us go taste some meat,
Said *Tybert*, Couzen, what have you to eat?
Truly said *Reynard* we do seldom dress,
A Hony-comb is all in readiness;
Couzin said *Tibert* that does please me least,
Had I a Mouse I'd make a sumptuous Feast;
A Mouse said *Reynard*! why there is a swarm
I'th Parsons Barn, that does him wondrous harm;
Said *Tybert*, Couzen, wou'd you'd lead me there,
Where I mightfill my belly with such chear;
And I hence forth will be your humble Slave,
To serve you in whatever you shall crave;
If you'r in earnest said the *Fox*, let's go,
I am said *Tybert*, pray believe me so;
No dainty like to Mice I can digest,
'Tis such a kindness as can't be express'd.

CHAP. VII.

CHAP. VII.

How Reynard *tempted* Tybert *in a Snare, And of the fatal hap befel him there.*

The Moral.

BEing arriv'd at the wiſh'd Barn, the *Fox*
Said to Sir *Tibert*, though the Prieſt he locks
His door ſo faſt, yet I a hole do know
Where you may enter, ſtreight he does him ſhew
The place through which himſelf, the night before
Convey'd a Hen, whoſe loſs perplext ſo ſore
The angry Prieſt, that he a ſnare had laid.
In at the ſame with ſpeed Sir *Tibert* made,
Not dreaming of the Foxes fraud; his haſt
Drew cloſe the ſnare, whoſe Cordage held him faſt;
Incirkling of his neck ſo hard, that he
Half ſtrangled was, with ſtriving to get free;
Which *Reynard* ſeeing, did begin to jeer,
Pray Couſin tell me how you like your chear;
Are the Mice fat? methinks you freely eat,
And are well pleaſ'd, you ſing ſo at your meat,
'Tis without doubt, If that you ſtay there long
The Prieſt will help you ſing your Evening Song;
Thus jeer'd he Puſs, who ſuch a noiſe did make
With mewing, that the Prieſt at laſt did wake,
And bawl'd aloud to all his ſnoaring rout,
Riſe, riſe, the Thief is taken without doubt
Who ſtole our Hen, at which 'twixt ſleep and wake
They run, and what comes next to hand they take,
The Prieſt ſtark naked from his Bed does riſe,
And after him as faſt Dame *Fullock* hies,
When all arriving at the place, they found

when wiſe men will give ear to the flattery of thoſe that ſeek their hurt thinking their wiſdom will bear them out they are often deceived, as was the Cat, when intangled in the Snare, and therefore it is not good to wade too far in our own Confidence but know that though our Policies be great, yet may we be over-reached by a greater wit; by the Prieſt hurt 'tis ſignified that mens own devices often contrived for the harm of others, prove fatal to themſelves, &c.

The

The Cat unto the trusty staple bound;
Whom they assault with furious strokes, which he
Was forc'd to bear, not having power to flee;
Yet desperate so at last poor *Tibert* grew,
And as the naked Priest he near him drew
To strike him a full stroke, with rage he flew,
Betwixt his legs, and in his mouth did seize
The only toy that could Dame *Pullock* please;
Which she perceiving, cry'd wo's me, undone,
Oh help your Father quickly, help my Son,
Or my delight will be for ever gone.
Oh 'tis too late, I now no more shall tast
Of those sweet pleasures; curs'd was he that plac'd
This fatal Gin, which caus'd me my delight
To lose, with which Iv'e play'd so oft by night.
The *Fox* this hearing, flouted thus her moan,
Why Dame, suppose the *Cat* has left one Stone,
You now grow Aged, that may well suffice,
Which if it don't, you may have fresh supplys
From many lusty Gallants. Whilst he spake
The Priest fell down all pale, then they forsake
The Cat, to gain him from his sounding fit,
Which wounded *Tibert* seeing, streight he bit
The Cord in twain, and Instant loose did get:
Woful complaining, to the Court he hies,
And in his passage fills with piteous Cryes
Both Woods and Hills, one of his Eyes was lost,
His skin all rent, so near his life it cost:
Which when the King beheld, he sternly said
False *Reynards* life should for the wrong be paid.
Yet durst the *Brock* stand up in his defence
And audience crave, which did the King incense,
Yet he would hear him, when he thus began,
My Lord do Justice now to every Man,
Once more let him be call'd, if he deny
Then to repair, 'tis just that he should dye.
To him in Anger great the King reply'd,
Who's he that can in Strength or Wit confide

This dangerous Summons now to undertake?
Then humbly begging leave, thus *Grimbard* ſpake,
If it ſhall pleaſe your Highneſs I will go;
I'le take you at your word, it ſhall be ſo,
Reply'd the King, and thank your ſelf for it,
If Miſchief fall; the *Brock* ſaid I ſubmit,
And will my Kinſman e're to morrow bring,
To anſwer for himſelf in every thing.
This being ſaid, he bow'd, and left the King.

CHAP. VIII.

The Brock *is ſent to fetch the* Fox *with ſpeed, Unto the Court, and how he did proceed.*

The Moral.

THe *Brock* does loſe no time, but with ſwift pace
Runs on until he comes unto the place
Where his dear Uncle dwelt, of ſo much fame,
His Caſtle *Mellipardus* call'd by name;
Before whoſe Porch his Uncle ſtands in view
With his dear Aunt, and all their late-born Crew
Of Younglings, which he did moſt kindly greet,
And with his Uncle then began to treat;
Saying, dear Uncle, let me now adviſe,
And I, you know, have oft been held for wiſe:
Forbear not coming to the Court, to clear
Your ſelf of Crimes alledg'd againſt you there,
For in ones abſence, as you well do know,
Our Foes in accuſation bolder grow,
Which to our Faces they'd not dare diſpute.
Pauſing a while, at this the Fox ſtood mute;

when neither ſtrength nor Policy can prevail or work upon the wicked, oftentimes plain dealing and meek ſimplicity does work ſo far that they are ſmitten with remorſe and ſhame, conquers their Vices as is ſeen in the mildneſs of the Brock *which ſoon won upon the* Fox *to come to Court which neither the* Bear *nor*

But Cat *could effect.*

But ſoon reply'd, dear Nephew all is true
That you have ſaid, And I'le to Court with you;
Though well I know, my Foes are many there,
Yet will I face them, nor their worſt will fear;
For well I know, without my helping hand,
This Beaſtial Empire has not long to ſtand.
My Wiſdom ſhall or'ebear their Envies all,
And ſome of them ſhall ſink that wiſh my fall:
Then turning to *Ermillin* thus he ſaid,
Good Dame, let me though abſent be obey'd;
Look to my Children, Wife, my youngeſt Son
Renkin has much my of Affections won,
And *Roſſel*, he is a moſt hopeful Child,
Till my return, dear Wife, pray uſe them mild;
But if I ſhou'd not chance for to be freed,
Which is the leaſt of all my fear, pray breed
Them up in Arts, that when they well are grown,
They then may ſhift, and be oblig'd to none.
At this ſhe wept, and all the Cubs lament,
Becauſe their Father to ſuch danger went,
Who was their chief provider, yet to Court
After leave took, the *Brock* and he reſort.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Fox *by* Grimbard, *in his way was ſhriven,*
And all his Sins were to that time forgiven.

The Moral.

WHen as the Fox and *Brock* were on their way,
Reynard deſir'd that he a while wou'd ſtay;
For I ſaid he with Sin am burthen'd ſo,
As makes me reſtleſs, therefore e'r I go
Unto the Court, I wou'd confeſs to you
The greateſt faults I ever yet did do:
You being a Monk made me this thing reſolve,
Well knowing that my Crimes you can abſolve.
Yes, ſaid the *Brock*, if you confeſs but right,
Your pardon ſhall be ſeal'd to you this night:
Why then ſaid *Reynard*, I will tell you truth,
I have offended from my very youth
Againſt moſt Beaſts that in this Forreſt dwell,
Which wou'd be very tedious all to tell.
Firſt, then Sir *Bruin* my dear Unkle I
Did lead where he was wounded grievouſly,
In hopes of Honey. Next againſt the Cat,
Sir *Tibert*, who to feed on Mice ſo fat
I lead unto the Parſon's barn, and there
Perſwaded him to jump into a Snare,
Whence hardly he eſcap'd with life 'tis plain.
The next Sir *Chantecleer*, for of his Train
Eleven I devour'd, and laſt his wife
Without the wall I did bereave of life.
The King and Queen have not eſcap'd my tongue,
For with my ſlaunders I have done them wrong;
Sir *Iſgrim* likewiſe I to woe betray'd,
When him a Monk of *Eſmane* I made;

By the Confeſſion of the Fox is ſeen the feigned diſſimulation of thoſe who pretend to zeal and ſanctity only to delude the Innocent and well meaning, whoſe good nature is facil and charitable to be gained or wrought upon, their eyes not being able to ſee into the depth of diſſimulation and hypocriſie. By the Fox's leaping after the Capon, is ſignified that cuſtom takes ſo deep root that it is not eaſie to be extirpated; but wicked men when converted are ſubject to relapſe.

His foot unto the bell-rope taught to bind,
Where ſtripes for entertainment he did find:
In catching fiſh he did no better ſpeed,
But was well bang'd; on Bacon next he'd feed,
At which to the Prieſt's pant'ry I him lead:
In at a window, where when he had fed,
He was not able to get out again,
But ſtrugled there in ſuch exceeding pain
As made him howl; then I the Town did raiſe,
And where the Prieſt was ſet before his face
Snatcht a fat Hen from out his greaſy diſh,
Then me to follow all he ſoon did wiſh;
I fled where *Iſgrim* was, and then let fall
My late ſtole prey; when as the people all
Haſtning to take it up Sir *Iſgrim* ſpy'd,
And yelling loud the Wolf, the Wolf they cry'd,
Let him not ſcape, then with their clubs they lay'd
Upon him till to all he ſeem'd as dead,
Then through the mire they drag'd him out of Town,
Where in a dirty ditch he ſtrait was thrown,
How thence he got I am as yet to learn.
Another time I lead him to a Farm,
Where as I told him there were hens good ſtore,
But mounting high, I through a wide trap door,
Into the houſe thence puſh'd him headlong down,
And 'gainſt the floor did bruiſe full ſore his crown;
Though this was bad, alaſs it was not all;
For why, the people wakened by his fall,
Struck light, and to encounter him with prongs,
Came arm'd the good wives layd on him with Tongs,
From whom he did by miracle eſcape
By forcing through the Caſement at a leap.
His wife Dame *Arſewind* I did much abuſe,
Nay *Reynard* ſaid the *Brock*, if you refuſe
To tell the fact, I can no pardon give;
It was a fault if you will me believe,
I bluſh to tell, I lay with her of late,
Since you muſt know now, pray my pennance ſtate

As

As you think fit; at which Sir *Grimbard* went
To the next tree, from which a twig he rent,
And ſtrip'd it neatly, ſaying, *Reynard* take
This, and with it three ſmall impreſſions make
Upon your body, then thrice leaping o're
The ſame, and kiſſing it, your ſins no more
Shall trouble you, which made the Fox to ſmile;
This once perform'd they travell'd ſcarce a mile
Before Sir *Reynard Pullen* did eſpy
On which moſt ſteadfaſt he did fix his eye,
Leading the *Brock* far diſtant from his way
Unto a Nunnery, where all did ſtray
Without the walls, far ſtragling from the reſt,
One of them which did ſeem to be the beſt,
He leaps upon, but ſoon ſhe got away,
When thus Sir *Grimbard* to the Fox did ſay:
Ah! Unkle, what will ſhrieving do you good?
Since you abſtain not, but ſtill thirſt for blood.
Truly ſaid *Reynard*, I forgot good Friend,
But pardon this, and I'l no more offend,
Yet cou'd not he forbear to caſt his eyes
Upon the well fed much alluring prize,
Which made the *Brock* reprove his Avarice,
To turn off which he feigned this device,
That he was praying for the Hens and Geeſe
Which he had ſlain, that they might reſt in peace.
Then travell'd they, diſcourſing till they came
In ſight o'th Court, which *Reynard*'s pride did tame.
For well he knew his guilt, and trembl'd ſo
That much adoe he further had to go.

CHAP. X.

The Moral. *How to the Court at last, Sir* Reynard *came,*
And what Excuses there himself did frame.

By the Fox's making his Personal Appearance at Court, signifies, That though a Malefactor do a long time decline Justice, yet at last by one means or other he is brought to the bar, and then his Accusers have free licence to speake their minds. In the Lyon the terror of Justice to the guilty is expressed and by the pride and lofty behaviour of the Fox, the Insolence of many offenders, who think by braving of Justice to escape their punishment.

NO sooner was it nois'd in Court, the Fox
Was come in Person, but prodigious Flocks
Of Beasts came running to behold the man
Whose heart to fail him more and more began;
Yet in his outward gesture he appear'd
So careless, as if nought at all he fear'd.
Whilst proudly as he went, he trac'd the Ground,
As if he had been Prince of Forrests crown'd.
Quite through the Guards he pass'd, till at the Chair
Of State he came, and thus began his prayer.
The Powers above by whom all Princes reign,
Protect your Highness my dread Sovereign,
And you still make far greater than the rest,
That are of earthly Diadems possess'd.
Behold your servant prostrate at your feet,
Hoping your kind acceptance here to meet,
Who have in all obey'd your Majesty,
And do resolve your faithful slave to die,
Trusting your Highness will no credit give
To those whose spite wou'd me of life bereave.
To whom the Lyon sternly thus reply'd,
Reynard these smooth pretences cannot hide
Thy horrid Crimes, nor shall they Justice stay,
'Tis sure decreed you for your Ills must pay;
Your words have not the power for to prevail,
But all your flatteries will at this time fail;
Your Vows are broken and Allegiance lost
By acting crimes that now your life will cost.

Then

Then all the Birds and Beaſts came to complain,
That he had hurt, thus *Chantecleer* began;
Moſt gracious Sovereign hear me and redreſs
My wrongs, which now have made me comfortleſs.
But the King bid his ſilence, and went on;
How canſt thou boaſt of Loyalty, when none
Of thy proceedings teſtifie the ſame,
'Ts only Impudence and want of ſhame
That makes thee thus undaunted in my ſight;
To whom the Fox reply'd, my Lord, let right
In all take place, for though th' inraged Bear
Receiv'd a harm, of it I know me clear,
For he to ſteal ſome Hony, did neglect
Your high command, which wrought this dire effect;
And as for *Tybert*, who has loſt his eye,
He left his way, and went for Mice to try
In the Prieſt's barn, where ſtood a fatal Gin,
And he for haſte his head no doubt thruſt in.
I cou'd not help it, when he came to me
I did receive him as he ought to be.
Then my dread Lord, impute not theſe to me,
Of which I no ways guilty am, but free
As any in your Court, yet I am weak,
And muſt obey what you are pleas'd to ſpeak.
My life depends upon your Royal Will,
But I will truſt in your great mercy ſtill;
For by my death no ſatisfaction's gain'd,
Let not your Royal Hands with blood be ſtain'd,
The blood of Innocents that's cauſleſs ſhed,
I'll ſtill obey you, though you ſtrike me dead.
Then came the *Ram*, the *Ewe*, and *Bruin* in,
Tybert and *Chantecleer*, with all their Kin;
The *Hare*, the *Panther*, with a number more,
And did the King for Juſtice loud implore;
At whoſe command the Fox arreſted was,
Which made him on his woful caſe to paule.

CHAP. XI.

CHAP. XI.

The Moral. *The* Fox *Arreſted is, and Judg'd to Death,*
Thus in a Halter he muſt loſe his Breath.

In this is ſeen the Effects of Revenge, how it tranſports men beyond themſelves, as the Wolf, and the Bear in their eagerneſs to Execute the Fox who had injured them, though often ſuch revenge and overruling paſſion turneth to their diſgrace and utter

ON this Arreſt the Council ſtreight was call'd,
Whilſt all the Rable 'gainſt poor *Reynard* bawl'd.
He to the Bar being brought did quake for fear,
When he beheld how many did appear
Which he had wrong'd, yet taking heart, he ſtood
Againſt them all, to make his Cafe as good
As poſſible, and ſtoutly made defence,
Anſwering to each real Charge with Sence
And Gravity, each Plaint he did defend,
But could not gain belief, ſo in the end
He being caſt, was ſentenced to dy
Upon a Gibet, and that inſtantly,
Which much dejected him, and all his Kin,
When as his fatal Sentence did begin,

Went

Went weeping from the Court, as loath to ſee
Poor *Reynard*'s fall, which now had paſs'd decree,
Which when the King perceiv'd, he did conſult
What of the buſineſs wou'd be the reſult.
His Court being half diſpeopl'd, for 'twas plain
That *Reynard* had of Kin a numerous Train;
Mean time Sir *Bruin* and Sir *Iſgrim*'s care
Was how to find a place to hang him fare;
When as Sir *Tybert* angerly ſtept in,
And ſaid good Sirs, what is it that you mean
By this delay? Night does apace come on,
And will be come e'r Juſtice can be done.
And then the Fox (for who his crafts don't know?)
May ſcape our hands, then let us not be ſlow,
A Gibet to erect will ask ſome time;
Reply'd the Wolf, a Gibet moſt ſublime
Stands near at hand, which ſhall that trouble eaſe,
Which wonderouſly did one-ey'd *Tybert* pleaſe;
But *Iſgrim* ſigh'd, ſo nature did employ,
Becauſe on it his brethren late did die;
At which the Cat ſaid *Iſgrim* do you fear
To hang this Slave, or is't his life you'd ſpare?
To mind the Injuries done to you now call,
Remember how he caus'd your brethrens fall;
Let that ſtir up revenge, then *Iſgrim* ſaid,
No *Tybert* you ſhall ſee I am't afraid;
It is a Halter that I want, which got,
He ſoon ſhould find that certain death's his Lot;
Then with a piteous voyce the Fox did ſay,
Why is't that you my death ſo long delay?
To let me ſuffer pain that's worſe, a Rope
Tybert can lend you, which when he in hope
To gorge with Mice found in the Parſon's Barn;
But yet my noble Kinſmen do you daign
To hang me up, and put your ſelves to pain?
Some meaner Executioner might ſerve
To give that death which I do now deſerve.

ter ruin. By the Fox's meekneſs is to be conſidered how daring ſoever a wicked man is in the time of his proſperity, yet when he is near his death his high ſpirits ſink like lead, and all his courage is loſt, ſo that his only refuge is meekneſs and ſubmiſſion, which above all things draw pity and commiſeration from ſuch as behold him.

Let

Let me requeſt it be not long delay'd,
To which deſire this anſwer *Iſgrim* made,
Your Will, dear Couſin, ſhall be ſoon obey'd.
Then had the Cat a halter got and ſtrait
Run to the place deſign'd for *Reynard*'s fate,
Where all the Court attended on the King,
Whilſt *Iſgrim* and the *Bear* the *Fox* did bring;
Who coming to the Place, Obeiſance made,
Whilſt *Reynard*'s looks declar'd that he was ſad,
Becauſe for to eſcape no hopes he had:
Yet was reſolv'd his utmoſt wiles to try,
Not being willing at that time to die.
Then to Sir *Bruin* thus did *Iſgrim* ſay
Now, now, is come the happy wiſh'd for day,
In which the *Fox* for all his ſins ſhall pay,
Beware that he eſcape not; then the Cat
Does fix the Rope, the Wolf the Ladder ſet,
And having nooz'd poor *Reynard*, they prepare
To end his life, when thus he made his Prayer.
Alas what now remains for me but death,
Whoſe horrors have already ſeis'd my breath:
And you my Sovereign Lord, that ſtand to ſee
The Tragick fall and end of woful me;
To you and to your Queen all happineſs
I wiſh, and that the Pow'rs above may bleſs
You both; for all that I can now deſire
Is leave for to confeſs e'r I expire,
T'unload my boſom of it's weighty ſin,
And I ſhall die contented with leſs pain.

CHAP. XII.

CHAP. XII.

Reynard confesses and at last does swear,
With forged Lies, against the Wolf and Bear.

REynard's feign'd meekness so affected all,
That many present did to weeping fall:
Others to him their loves more full expres'd,
By wining of the King to his request;
Which being granted woful he began
Heaven now protect me for I see no man
But such as I have injur'd, yet my Crimes
Were only acted in these latter times.
For formerly I had no weighty guilt,
I knew no thefts, no blood by me was spilt.
'Mongst tender Lambs and Kids I us'd to play,
And lov'd their blating, till upon a day
I biting one of them by chance, whose blood
So sweet did taste beyond all other food,
That thenceforth I in slaughter bolder grew,
Kids, Lambs and Geese with Pullen oft I slew.
But what incens'd me unto slaughter most,
Was *Isgrim*'s late Acquaintance, which has cost
Me all this woe, and brings me to my end;
For as I did to *Melipardus* bend,
Passing a wood there *Isgrim* I espy'd,
Who in a hollow Tree did closely hide:
He call'd me to him, and said I was kin
To him by blood, which had I never been
I had not in such Villanies been bold,
Then did he all my Pedigree unfold:
And we became Companions from that time,
Who has thus led me into every Crime.

The Moral.

By the Foxes dissembling here to save his Life, may be observed the craftiness of men that are in danger, first to draw a general pity by condemning themselves, & then by laying open the faults of those they would hurt, gain more credit to be believed; nay when they are foul and horrid any ways concerning the party that is to judge in the Cast, as the Bear and Wolfs Conspiracy against the Lion, the naming of which so affrighted the Queen as to make her conjure him to speak it out, which was the only thing he desired; then he took the Lion with the hopes of great treasures, which that to a covetous mind treasure is the only bait, and that taking the offender often scapes the punishment due to him

Yet *for his crimes.*

Yet oft deceiv'd me in my ſhare of prey,
As he himſelf cannot in truth gainſay.
For when a Calf, a Ram, or Cow he'd ſlain,
Nothing to me did but the Bones remain:
When he, his Wife and Sons their fills did take,
This as to his Ingratitude I ſpeak;
Not that I wanted, for my treaſure's more
Than any Prince has at this time in ſtore:
More Gold and Jewels than can numbr'd be,
All ſtolen to ſecure the King by me.
To ſave his Life, I did the mighty theft,
Which had I not he had been on't bereft:
At which the Queen all pail ſtart up and ſaid,
Reynard declare who durſt his life invade:
Conceal it not leſt you unquiet die,
To whom the Fox did mournfully reply;
Moſt Soveraign Lady I am loath to ſpeak,
And yet I muſt or elſe my heart will break.
The King was to have dy'd by Traytors hands,
Who wou'd have ſeis'd upon his Crown and Lands:
Nor will I ſpare to tell, though many be
My neareſt Kindred, yet the King to me
Is far more dear, his ſafety's all my Care:
Then let the Traitors their juſt merits ſhare.
At this the King look'd ſtern and bid the ſtay
Of Execution, and then thus did ſay.
Reynard, if this be true fear not to ſpeak,
Declare the Traitors and I'll Vengeance take.
Were it not true, the Fox again reply'd,
I wou'd not ſpeak it now what ere betide,
But all is true and I will nothing hide
That ſhall be prejudicial to my Lord,
If that your highneſs Audience will afford.
Then ſtraight the King bid ſilence, which being done
The Fox with an exalted voyce begun:
Since your dear Life my Lord is with my Death
In equal Ballance, and my loſs of Breath.

May give the Traytors leave for to proceed,
In their dire plot and act the helliſh Deed:
The Treaſon therefore I will now unfold,
Know that King *Ermerick* did poſſeſs the Gold
And Jewels that I have unnumber'd got.
His Crown likewiſe did fall unto my Lot:
How I came by them you ſhall underſtand,
My Father digging in a hill of ſand
Found out a hollow Vault, in which was laid,
The mighty Treaſure which was thence convey'd,
And bury'd it in a far diſtant place,
After which proud he walk'd a ſtately pace,
Diſdaining all his Friends at ſuch a rate,
As made them hate him, after ſome debate
He call'd for *Tybert* and did make him ſwear,
He would be ſecret, then did he declare
It was his mind to make Sir *Bruin* King,
And that with ſpeed he ſhould go tell the thing
To him in *Arden* Forreſt where he lay,
Deſiring him with ſpeed to come away
With him, and he the means ſhou'd quickly know,
In which deſign Sir *Tybert* was not ſlow.
But went immediately unto the Bear,
And finding him did all his Charge declare:
Who joyful of the news did thither bend,
Mean while my Father did for *Iſgrim* ſend.
As alſo *Grimbard* and my Mother dear,
Who Counſel held at *Elſe* a place that's near
To famous *Gaunt*, in *Flander* ſituate,
Where they againſt your Life had ſtrong debate.
At laſt by every voice it was agreed,
You ſhould be murther'd with your Royal Breed:
And that my Fathers Treaſures ſhou'd maintain,
Stout Soldiers which from ſeveral parts ſhould Train.
This they all ſwore to, and i'th Royal Chair
At *Acon* for to Crown their King the Bear:
Which *Grimbard* being overcome with Wine,
Reveal'd unto his Wife and ſhe to mine:

But with ſtrict Charge of ſecreſie, which ſhe
Could not obſerve but told the plot to me.
Then did I ſtudy how to find it out,
At laſt I found all true, which clear'd my doubt.
Then was I ſorrowful oppreſs'd with Care,
How I might fruſtrate their deſigns, which were
So lay'd againſt your Life, which way I found,
For who could ſee a rav'nous Bear be crown'd,
And Lord it on the Royal Throne, where you
So long have ſat our Soveraign juſt and true?
Then did I trace my Fathers ſteps and ſee,
To find the place, where this vaſt wealth ſhou'd be.
But long it was ere I could find the place,
So cunning was my Father in his ways
That he a thouſand advers windings made,
Yet at the laſt I found where it was layd.
For lying cloſe behind a well grown tree,
Coming apace I did my Father ſee.
When not far diſtant from my Ambuſcade,
A little hole he in the ground ſtrait made:
Into the which he enter'd and there ſtaid
A while, and then came out and looked round,
Then thinking none had ſeen him he the ground
Threw in again and ſmooth'd it with his tail,
Which to diſcern a curious Eye might fail.
He gone I came and ſearch'd about till I
The curious ſurface he had laid did ſpy.
Then haſtily I rak'd away the Earth,
And entering, found of wealth ſo great a birth
As made ſtand amaz'd, I did not ſtay,
But fetch'd my Wife to help it thence away.
Three nights we toil'd ere we cou'd rid it all,
Into a place that *Cracknepit* men call.
During which time Sir *Bruin* and his Crue,
Were plotting how the Kingdom to undo.
Iſgrim was ſent to raiſe a numerous hoſt,
And that he ſhould Liſt Soldiers through the Coaſt.

Promiſing

Promiſing them a full years pay at firſt,
Not dreaming but your Loyal Guards to worſt.
And with credential to confirm it true,
Sir *Iſgrim* Liſts twelve hundred fifty two.
And after a months progreſs does return,
Whilſt *Bruin* did with thirſt of Empire burn.
The Wolf produc'd the Muſter-Roul, wherein
A thouſand liſted was of *Iſgrim*'s Kin:
Then told the danger that he did eſcape,
When from the Hounds he ore a wall did leap.
This pleas'd the Bear, but in the hight of pride,
When they did in my Fathers wealth confide,
And went one day for to diſtribute it,
They found it gone, at which their thumbs they bit.
So grievouſly the loſs my Father took,
That ever after he did downward look
With much perplexity, till at the laſt,
Unto a Bough a Rope he fixed faſt.
Whilſt through the fatal nooſe he put his head,
And jumping down did hang till he was dead.
Thus to preſerve your highneſs Life did I,
Bereave my Father and did cauſe him die:
And bar'd the Traitors of their higheſt Aim,
For which I now muſt die with pain and ſhame.
And thoſe that wou'd have murther'd you, now joy
That me at leaſt they power have to deſtroy.
At which the King and Queen in hopes to gain
The mighty Maſs, bid *Tybert* to refrain
From executing *Reynard*, and in haſte
To take him from the Gibet, then requeſt
Where this great heap of Treaſure might be found,
To whom the Fox low bowing to the ground,
Reply'd, my gracious Lord, my Enemies,
If here I ſpeak no doubt will ſeiſe the prize,
And yet for gaining it poor *Reynard* dies.
No, I will firſt conceal it ere they gain
Such Treaſure whilſt I ſuffer deaths ſharp pain.

Then

Then ſaid the Queen come ſpeak you ſhall not die,
I'll beg your pardon of his Majeſty,
If yon henceforth will true Allegiance ſwear.
This made the Fox to caſt off his diſpair,
And thus addreſs'd himſelf unto the Queen,
May't pleaſe my Sovereign Lady, though I've been
Notorious wicked, yet henceforth I'll be
(If that the King will pleaſe to pardon me)
Obedient to his Laws, promote his health,
And ſtore him with as yet unnumber'd wealth.
Then ſaid the King why ask you for the man,
A pardon whom no Mortal Credit can?
His words are all but wind, who will believe,
Since he our truſt ſo often did deceive?
To whom the Queen made anſwer ſoft and mild,
Though *Reynard* has your highneſs oft beguil'd,
Yet now you ſee remorſe has enter'd in,
So that he ſpares not to Impeach his Kin.
No not Sir *Grimbard* nor his Father dear,
At this the King began to lend an Ear:
And to the Queen thus ſaid, at your Requeſt
I'll ſign his Pardon, but if he moleſt
Or injure any Beaſt, the ſmalleſt Crime
Shall put a Period to his lengthen'd time,
And not himſelf but all his Family,
Shall without Mercy in ſad Torments die.
This made the Fox look ſad, yet brought relief,
To eaſe his fear of Death, and inward Grief:
Then was he ſworn unto the King anew,
Upon Condition he'd the Treaſure ſhew.
Which he did promiſe, and his fealty
Gave as a Pledge of his Fidelity.
Then did the King enquire what place did hold,
The mighty Treaſure both of Jems and Gold:
Which made the Fox to pauſe on it a while,
And ſcarcely cou'd forbear that time to ſmile
To think how he had worſted all his Foes,
And ſav'd his life without the dint of blows.

Then

Then looking on the King he freely ſpake,
If you to *Hulſterloe* a Progreſs take
Which ſtands in *Flanders*, *Cracknepit* you'l find,
In a thick Wilderneſs, where no Sun ſhin'd
Theſe many years, the River beeches ſhade,
Which caſt a horrid Gloom; beneath them's laid
The mighty Maſs King *Ermerick* once had.
The Lyon in reply to *Reynard* ſaid
I fear you now diſſemble, for mine Ear
Of *Cracknepit* before did never hear.
Such thoughts I beg my Sovereign Lord to ſpare,
The Fox reply'd, and ſtraightway call'd the Hare:
Demanding if he knew not ſuch a place,
I do ſaid *Keward*, and did often trace
The ſame, and pinching hunger did indure,
Yet from the ſtorms in it was wrap'd ſecure:
There did the Monk long ſince falſe Mettal Coyn,
When unto him the lawleſs Crew did joyn.
Cracknepit in *Hulſterloe* doth ſtand
In *Flanders* wide beyond the Plains of Sand.
This being ſaid, *Reynard* deſir'd the Hare,
For to withdraw he needs no more declare.
Then turning to the King he ſaid, my Lord,
I hope your highneſs now'l belief afford
To your poor Subject, yes the Lyon ſaid,
It ſhames me much that I a ſcruple made
Of what you did relate, but yet Sir know,
To find this Treaſure you muſt with me goe,
Or I may chance for to miſtake the place.
This rais'd a bluſh in *Reynards* guilty Face,
Yet ſoon he did contrive for to Evade
His going, and this feign'd Excuſe he made.
Alas my Lord for you I all things wou'd,
That with your highneſſes bright Honour ſtood:
But this will not my gracious Lord, for know,
I ſtand accurs'd and muſt not with you go
Leſt it ſhou'd prejudice your high Renown,
And fix a ſtain upon your Royal Crown.

For know when *Iſgrim* firſt a Monk wou'd be,
He took his Orders but ſo greedily,
He Cramm'd his Maw that the large portion'd meat
That was allow'd for ſix fat Monks to eat
Now ſerv'd not him, but ſtill he crav'd for more,
And in the ſequel grew ſo wonderous poor
I pity'd him and did adviſe his flight,
Who taking my bad Counſel in the night,
Through the broad Caſement of the Chappel burſt,
For which I by the Pope now ſtand accurs'd.
And when to morrow dawns I mean to go
To *Rome* to kiſs his Holineſſes Toe,
And be Abſolv'd, that I may on you wait
In all your Buſineſs that concerns the State.
The Lyon hearing this, ſaid go with ſpeed,
And *Keward* ſhall to *Cracknepit* proceed:
I wou'd not have you under ſuch a doom,
Therefore with ſpeed hie inſtantly to *Rome*;
And be Abſolv'd, or to the Holy Land.
At this the Fox rejoyc'd and mute did ſtand.

CHAP. XIII.

CHAP. XIII.

How Reynard *was to higheſt honour rais'd,*
And on the King's right hand Immediate plac'd.

THe King being mounted on his royall Throne
Thus to the beaſts did make his purpoſe known,
Who gazing ſtood to know the great Event
How to Advance the Fox with ſpeed he meant.
Then he commands the beaſts obſerve degree,
That Each by birth plac'd in order be,
And thus began, My Lords and Nobles all,
Who now did think to ſee the Fox's fall,
The Scene is chang'd and what I late decreed
I have revers'd and Juſtice ſha'nt proceed
Againſt Sir *Reynard*, but for ſervice done
I'l place him next my Queen, Excepting none;

The Moral.

By this is ſignifi-ed that when po-licy and force meet that policy ever overcomes it, for by Stratagems are thoſe things atchiev-ed that no ſtrength could ever attain, for it may be plainly ſeen when the Fox had no way to ſave his life by ſtrength, he by policy out-wited all his Enemies and fruſtrated their deſigns, raiſing himſelf to great-

And

er

er favour than at firſt, by the Ravens flying to the Wolfe and the Bear is ſhewed that when men ſee their own faſeties they ever make themſelves Parties and involve others more powerfully in the buſineſs that whilſt Iſegrim is buſie with them they may eſcape. By the Impriſonment of the Wolfe and Bear is to be obſerved that all unſeaſonable Speeches are dangerous, &c. By the Bear and Wolves being ſtead may be ſeen how when indiſcreet men throw out their Anger in reproachfull words they often inſtead of redreſs procure puniſhment to themſelves, and give their Adverſaries greater cauſe to rejoyce, who by their diſſembling do often inſinuate into the favour of the Judge by ſeigned ſhewes of Zeal and Religion.

And ſhall be ever bound to do him right
Againſt the malice or injurious ſpite
Of all that have accuſ'd him, and command
That with reſpect you ſtill before him ſtand;
And on your Lives wherever you ſhall meet
His Wife or Children proſtrate at their feet
You fall, and render your Obedience due;
This hearing on ſwift wing the Raven flew
Unto Sir *Iſgrim*, *Tybert* and the Bear
And does the fatal change to them declare,
Which being heard the Bear and Wolfe with ſpeed
Unto the Court all angry do proceed.
But Puſs was wiſe and therefore ſtay'd behind
To ſee what Entertainment they wou'd find,
And now at any rate wou'd buy his peace,
Wou'd all forgive ſo his revenge wou'd ceaſe.
The Bear and wolfe being come before the King
Did open loud and their aſperſions fling
Upon the Fox, which made the Lyon rage
And did command immediate from his ſtage
That they ſhou'd be of Treaſon guilty found,
And in the ſtrongeſt Fetters ſtrait be bound.
His will was ſoon obſerved when *Reynard* ſaid
If he through Wilds to *Rome* his journey made,
He ſhou'd a ſcrip want, and to be ſupply'd
He might have one from ſtout Sir *Bruins Hide*.
This the King granted, and his next requeſt
Was ſhooes of which Sir *Iſgrim* was poſſeſs'd.
In this likewiſe he ſaid Dame *Arſewind* too
Muſt ſend a pair or elſe it wou'd not doe.
The King commands they ſhou'd with ſpeed be ſtrip'd,
When as their fore and hinder feet were rip'd
So that the bloody Veins and Sinews lay
Open to view. Then did Sir *Reynard* ſay,
Dear Aunt and Uncle, ſince you are ſo kind
To lend your ſhooes for ever in my Mind
You ſhall remain; I ſtill will for you pray.
To whom Dame *Arſewind* angryly did ſay

Well

Well *Reynard* we muſt bear our Woe, but time
May come when you may ſuffer for this Crime.
The Bear likewiſe from off his brawny Back
Had skin flead off to make the Fox a ſack,
Yet durſt not he complain for fear of worſe
Though in his heart he grievouſly did curſe.
Betimes next Morning *Reynard* does prepare
His lately gotten ſhooes and ſcrip to weare,
When finding them exactly fit he goes
Unto the King, who at his coming roſe
From his Pavillion to congratulate
The Fox, and plac'd him by his chair of State,
Comanding that the Ram a Maſs ſhou'd ſing,
Performing holy rites in every thing.
But *Bellin* did refuſe, ſaying, my Lord,
I dare not do it, for by his own word
He ſayes the Pope has curs'd him, and if I
Shou'd dare abſolve him it on me wou'd ly,
But if your Majeſty will ſtand my friend
Againſt my Biſhop, I will condeſcend
To ſing and ſay the *Oriſon* in form;
At which refuſe the King began to ſtorm,
And anger flush'd his dreadfull face, at that
The Ram though trembling to the Altar got,
And all the Ceremonies read and ſung,
Then gave his Staff, his Male about him hung,
Who taking leave o'th King away he goes,
Whilſt troups of Beaſts him round about encloſe,
Pouring their flatteries on him, whilſt he ſmil'd
To think how all of them he had beguil'd.
The King then he deſired for to retire
Leſt in his abſence Traitors ſhou'd conſpire
Againſt his Life, then turning to the Hare
And Ram he ſaid, I know you will not ſpare
A little travel ſince you are akin
Much of my nature mild you e'r have been;
This ſo prevail'd upon them that they went,
Not dreaming what wou'd be the ſad event.

When they to *Meliardus* came, the Fox
Goes to the gate and at it loudly knocks,
And soon finds Entrance, yet desir'd the Ram
To stay till out both he and *Keward* came,
For he had business of Importance there
With his dear Wife and all his Children fair.

CHAP. XIV.

The Fox when entr'd does his story sing,
Then kills the Hare and sends his head toth' King.

WHen as his Wife beheld him and the Hare
She instantly Enquir'd how he did fare,
Inquisitive to know in each degree
How he had scap'd from dangers great, when he
Reply'd, my dear *Ermilin* you shall know
That I now a long Pilgrimage must go,
Leaving Sir *Bruin* and Sir *Isgrim* bound,
That When the holy Land I once have found,
The Moral. And purg'd away my guilt I shall return,
Which made *Ermelin* strait begin to mourn
To lose her dear, when *Reynard* spake her mild,
Telling each point how he the King beguil'd,
And how he *Bruin* and Sir *Isgrim* foil'd,
Saying that *Keward* did of him complain
Unto the King, for which he shou'd be slain.
This *Keward* hearing, trembling strove to fly,
But caught by *Reynard* he did loudly cry
To *Bellin* for Assistance, but none got,
For *Reynard* soon had torn out his Throat,
And stopp'd his Voyce, who was no sooner dead
But they devour'd him all except his head,
Then to his *Ermilin* did *Reynard* say
We must be gone it is not safe to stay.

By the Fox his killing of the Hare is plainly seen that when we have offended any man it is not safe to trust our selves in his power how fair soever he may speake or pretend: for he will always be ready to take an occasion to injure him

In

In *Melepardus*, for the King will rage
When he finds out the Cheat, and will Engage
The fierceſt of his Army to perſue,
Therefore let's leave this place and find a new,
Where we may live as pleaſant free from ſtrife,
To whom replied his moſt unwilling wife,
Alas it will much grieve me to depart
From this fair Place, the Joy of all my heart
Into a wild and unfrequented wood
Where there is nought perhaps remains that's good,
Nay ſaid the Fox if that you think not fit
To leave this place I will not leave it yet,
My Pilgrimage I now will lay aſide
And here with thee my *Ermilin* abide,
In ſpite of all the King can doe, I'll ſtay,
Though he beſiege me I will find a way
To fetch Proviſion in, which under ground
Cannot be by the Eye of Mortalls found.
And by my policy outbrave them all,
Whilſt thoſe that ſeek my hurt themſelves ſhall fall.
This ſaid he went to *Bellin* who did wait
For his return impatient at the Gate,
And loudly call'd for him to come, when he
Said good Sir *Bellin* don't ſo haſty be,
For *Keward* with his Aunt ſo taken is
And ſhe with him ſhe won't him yet diſmiſs.
But he deſir'd me Sir to ſpeak to you,
To walk before and he'l with ſpeed purſue,
Being light and nimble you he'l overtake.
Then unto *Reynard* thus Sir *Bellin* ſpake,
But if the Sound did not deceive my ear,
Crying for help I late did *Keward* hear
As if ſome danger had him round beſet:
Alas yon cou'd not ſure imagin it,
The Fox reply'd, it is a cauſleſs fear
Since *Keward* is my friend and Kinſman dear,
Nor for the World wou'd I do ought that's ill,
But I'l declare how your miſtake befell,

him if it be offered: for with an Hypocrite or diſſembling Enemy none can be ſafe; by the Rams carying Keward's *head to the King is to be noted that men ambitious of honour or great preferment do ever undertake dangerous buſineſs to Atchieve the ſame, not regarding the miſchief it is likely to bring them into.*

When

When as my Wife *Ermelin* firſt did know
That I a tedious Pilgrimage muſt go,
Chill horror ſeis'd her, ran through every part,
Till at the laſt it overpow'rd her heart,
All pale ſhe fell, at which good *Kewaid* crys
Help *Bellin* help or elſe my Aunt ſhe dyes.
Truly ſaid *Bellin* that was my miſtake,
No ſaid the Fox, it ſhews the care you take
For my dear kinſman, for which thanks I pay,
But one thing more I have as yet to ſay,
When yeſterday o'th King I took my leave
I promis'd him he letters ſhou'd receive
Of great importance, yet I do not know
How to tranſmit them unleſs you'l beſtow
The pain to bear them, which may honour bring
And make you high in favour with the King.
Say you indicted them which I'l maintain
And ſo you will both praiſe and credit gain,
To whom Sir *Bellin* loyfully reply'd,
I gladly will if you will ought provide
To put them in; of that you ſhall not fail,
The Fox return'd, for you ſhall have my Mail
Which hang'd about your neck you'l bear with eaſe,
The Ram return'd him thanks that he wou'd pleaſe
So far to honour him, and ſeem'd much glad
That he an Embaſſy ſo noble had
Confer'd upon him, but the Fox did ſmile
To think o'th Cheat, ſo taking leave a while
And into *Melipardus* being got
Into his Mail he *Kewards* head does put,
And drawing cloſe the ſtrings to *Bellin* came
With charge he ſhould not look into the ſame
Till he deliver'd it unto the King;
The Ram ſtrait ſwears for to obſerve each thing,
Then ask'd if that it was not meet the Hare
In his return him company ſhou'd bear.
O by no means reply'd the Fox, his Aunt
As yet her Nephews preſence will not want,

But

But go before and you he'l ſoon or'e take,
At which or'joy'd the Ram ne'r ſtay'd to ſpeak,
But with ſuch ſpeed unto the Court he went,
As to arrive there ere the ſun had ſpent
Half his diurnal Courſe, where ſtrait he found
The King environed with his Nobles round;
Who wondr'd at the ſight, when he beheld
The Fox's Male with ſomething wondrous fill'd,
And ask'd the Ram where he did *Reynard* leave
As dreading that he did his truſt deceive.
To whom the Ram reply'd may't pleaſe the King
I did the Fox to *Meliſardus* bring.
There left his noble ſelf who bid me haſt
With letters of important buſineſs faſt
Unto your highneſs, which I ne're delay'd,
But all the ſpeed imaginable made.
The letters it is true I did indict,
So well contriv'd them and ſo fair did write
That I don't doubt but they'l your highneſs pleaſe,
With that *Bocart* him of the Mail did eaſe,
So was the Kings command that he ſhou'd read
Them out aloud, when as he did proceed
To open the late purchas'd Mail, with dread
Inſtead of letters murther'd *Kanard's* head
He drew from thence, which when the King beheld
He groan'd with anger and his boſome ſwell'd,
His Eyes ſpark'd fire, nor won'd he comfort take
Until Sr. *Firapell* the *Libard* ſpake.
Sr. *Firapell* who next him was in Blood
Stood up and ſaid, in this caſe tis not good
Your Majeſty ſhou'd grieve, revenge ſhou'd be
The Salve for curſing this indignitie.
The Lyon anſwer'd 'tis my honours wound,
This curſed Traytor by his ſlights has found
The means for to eſcape and me diſgrace,
Becauſe to his diſſemblings I gave place,
And injur'd thoſe, the which with grief I ſpeak,
That are moſt worthy, 'twas for my Queens ſake,

That

That I such credit to the Traitor gave.
Then said the *Libard* you have power to save
Your Honour blameless, you may make amends
For all the wrongs late done unto your friends;
Advancement and choyce favours soon will cure
The pains that *Isgrim* and the Bear endure,
Or that Dame *Arswind* can alledge, for know
On them in recompence you may bestow
Bellin and all his Kindred, since that he
Does own himselfe in this conspiracy
Against the life of *Reward*, 'tis but Just
That he himself for it shou'd suffer first.
And then the Foxes Castel we'l beliege
And him to yeild it in short time obliege,
Then death as he deserves he sure shall have,
To this his free consent the Lyon gave.

CHAP. XV.

How Bellin *and his Linage to devour Were yielded to the Bears and* Isgrims *pow'r.*

THe gift confirm'd the *Libard* took his way
Where as the Wolfe and Bear in Prison lay,
Complaining grievously of their hard fates,
When as the *Libard* opening the Gates
Said, peace my noble Friends, the King relents
And of the evil done to you repents.
To make amends for which he does consent
You shall be freed from your imprisonment;
And further that you may his love believe,
He does the Ram and all his linage give
Into your hands to use as you think fit,
And if the Fox or ought of his you get

You

You may kill wound or what your ſelves ſhall pleaſe.
Or if your ſtrengths permit, his Caſtle ſeiſe,
Only you muſt the King with Love obey,
And yield the Homage you were wont to pay.
To this moſt willingly they all agree,
And *Bellin* now's the pledge of Amitie,
Whom they no ſooner have but give him death
And ſeal the union by his loſs of breath.
Nor ever wou'd the Wolfe be reconcil'd
But all his kindred and his linage ſpoil'd;
Nay to this day that Charter does remain;
And where the Wolf does meet them they are ſlain.
At the concluding of this League a feaſt
The King prepares, inviting every Beaſt
And bird of wing that wou'd vouchſafe to come.
All but the Fox was there he ſtay'd at home
Cloſe in his den, as dreading the Event.
The feaſt was ſumptuous and gave all content.
When cups did flow and hight of mirth begin,
Lapriel the Coney came complaining in,
And bowing to the King ſaid hear my Lord,
And ſome redreſs to my great wrongs afford,
For as to wait upon your highneſs I
Perfidious *Reynards* Caſtle paſſed by,
I ſaw him ſtanding in a Pilgrims weed
Before the Gate, he in a book did read
Holding devoutly both his Beads and Croſs,
Then to ſalute him I with care did paſs,
When mute he ſtood, but e'r I cou'd eſcape
He with his foot did ſtrike me on the Nape
Of my poor neck, that I imagin'd he
Had beat my head off, yet I getting free
Hid me amongſt the buſhes, whilſt in vain
He ſought me whom if he had found he'd ſlain.
This on the bloody man revenge great King,
Whilſt thus he ſpake came ſtooping on the wing
The ſable Rook *Corbant* in mournful wiſe,
Thus to the King his grievance he applys;

The Moral.

The Rams being ſlain by the Bear and the Wolf denotes that when men unadviſedly venture on things they underſtand not they fall often into the hands of their enemies and become miſerable, and many times too potent adverſaries reconciled by the deſtruction of an innocent man, as the Lyon was for the Foxes ſake had offended them was by the Rooke and Coneys complaints: it is obſerved that when the weake are injured or wronged they have no retreat but juſtice, the which often incenſes their Enemys to do them further miſchief if it happen in their power, and how hard it is to truſt a vicious man upon what ſcore ſoever.

May't pleaſe your highneſs to revenge this crime
The Fox has done, that all in future time
May ſpeak your praiſe, which happen'd in this ſort.
As I and my Wife *Sharpbeak* did reſort
This Morning early food for to obtain,
We ſaw the Fox lie ſtretch'd out on the plain,
Suppoſing he was dead my wife poor ſoul
Did much lament and his ſad end condole,
Yet was reſolv'd to ſee whether 'twas ſo,
That if it wa'n't ſhe might for a Cordial go
To comfort him; the truth of all to know
Cloſe to his mouth, wo's me ſhe put her head,
To find if ought he breath'd or was ſtark dead,
When on a ſudden ſtarting from the ground
He bit it off, ſhe of the fatal wound
Dy'd inſtantly, then did the murtherer reach
Thinking me likewiſe in his mouth to catch.
But by ſwift ſlight I did avoid the ſame,
Nor reſted till to the next tree I came,
Where mournfully I ſate and ſee him rent
And eat my Wife, which done away he went,
Then I her ſcatter'd Penions gather'd all,
And ſung a Dirge at her funeral.
Which ended I on drooping wings did fly
To tell my ſtory to your Majeſty.

CHAP. XVI.

CHAP. XVI.

Theſe great complaints the angry King incenſe
On Reynard *to revenge the great offence:*
Of which the Brock *his kinſman doth inform*
And warns him to avoid the coming ſtorm.

THis mov'd the King to anger and his rage
Burn'd fierce, which no perſwaſions cou'd aſſwage.
Dread was his aſpect with a horrid frown
When thus he ſpake (by my Imperial Crown)
And all my honours, this falſe ſlave ſhall die,
Nor ſhall my vengeance heed his flattery.
Is this his journy to the holy Land?
Dares he thus break my great and juſt Command?
He dies by all that's great, he ſhall not live
Not Hell nor Earth ſhall grant him a reprieve.

The Moral.

The Lyons juſt indignation againſt the Fox on his deteſtation of his crimes ſhews a good magiſtrate who is willing to defend the innocent and puniſh the guilty; the perſwaſion of the Lyoneſs and Libard denote how Judges ſhould temperate their anger and not

not ſuffer it to prevail: or the contrary the ſpeech of the Wolf ſhews how eager our enimies are bent upon revenge, and that their malice cannot be ſatisfied with death or great puniſhments; the Brocks ſtealing away and giving the Fox notice of the danger and well adviſing him ſhews a faithful friend that in neceſſity will comfort and aſſiſt us. But the Foxes careleſſneſs ſhews the wiſfull ſtubbornneſs of ſuch who truſt their wit can overpower their weak accuſers though inwardly he finds the force of guilt prevail.

Give counſel then ſaid he my Nobles all
What way we beſt may make this Traitor fall.
But *Iſgrim* and Sir *Brun* both ſtood mute,
Though both were glad yet would they not diſpute.
At which the King grew angry, but the Queen
With her mild words thus interpos'd between,
May't pleaſe my Lord to lay his anger by
Till he theſe grievous accuſations try;
Tis ſure no wiſe man will ſo much betray
His wiſdom as let paſſion bear the ſway
Or'e judgment, firſt the cauſe on each ſide hear
And then your ſentence juſtly you'l declare.
The *Libard* ſided with her and did ſay
May't pleaſe your Highneſs but ſo long to ſtay
Till the feaſt ends, and ſend for him with ſpeed
Let him be try'd as 'tis by law decreed.
But if he do neglect to come, each may
Him as an Outlaw where they find him ſlay.
To this the Wolfe and Bear did both conſent
Yet ſaid the Wolf to come he never meant
When he of mighty wealth did make the lye
By which he did deceive his Majeſty.
Then of his coming now you may deſpaire
Since he has kill'd Dame *Sharpbeak* and the Hare;
To which the King reply'd Sir *Iſgrim* you
Are in the right and what you ſay is true,
The Traytor has deceiv'd me broke his word,
And ſhall be ſtrait purſu'd with fire and ſword.
Therefore my Subjects all I charge you arm
That we may take him e'r he takes the Alarm.
To this they all agree, and ſtrait for war
Each one does his habiliaments prepare,
And *Melepardus* do reſolve to ſtorm;
Of which the *Brock* makes haſte for to inform
The Fox, and ſtealing from the troops away
He runs and finds him e'r the cloſe of day
Standing before his Caſtle gate, where he
Had got two Pigeons whoſe attempt to flee

Out

Out of their neſt when they too callow were
Had made them fall unto the Foxes ſhare.
Then *Reynard* welcom'd him and ſaid my friend
You'r happy now come to your journeys end,
What news at Court? your heat preſages haſte,
Pray Nephew tell me why you come ſo faſt.
Alas ſaid *Grimbard*, with a voyce moſt ſad,
The news that's there to you will prove but bad.
Your life and honour now are both at ſtake,
Each one in your purſuit fierce armes do take.
The Wolfe and Bear from Priſon are ſet free,
And with the King now moſt in favour be;
The Rook, the Cony and Sir *Kewards* head
Incenc'd the King ſo that he's mark'd you dead,
Therefore your ſafeſt way's from hence to fly
Rather when took a ſhamefull death to dy.
At this the Fox began to ſmile, and ſaid,
Dear Nephew of my ſafety ben't afraid
But let us now in joy and mirth abound,
Though all his armys did begirt us round
And ſwore my death yet I won'd nothing fear
But hope my ſelf in ſpite of fate to clear,
And baſle all thoſe that contrive my ill.
Then bid he *Ermelin* the Pigeons kill
That his dear Nephew might his ſupper eat,
Saying they'r light and good digeſting meat.
Then as they enter'd charg'd him on his life
He ſhould not tell the danger to his Wife,
When on clean ſtraw being ſat the Fox did ſay
If at the court I find ſuch favour may
As to addreſs my ſelf unto the King,
My foes I'l into far worſe danger bring:
For well I know without my counſel all
The ſinking ſtate will into ruin fall,
To whom the *Brock* reply'd that favours ſure
The Queen and *Firapel* that did procure.
Then ſaid Sir *Reynard* nothing is behind,
But that you'd ſecond me and ſtill be kind,

As friends shou'd be unto each other true;
Dear Uncle said the *Brock* to pleasure you
In this or any other dangerous strife,
I wou'd be proud to forfeit goods or life.
Thanks said the Fox, then came *Ermelin* in,
And to salute the *Brock* did strait begin,
Inquisitive for news, but he forbore
To tell the danger being warn'd before.
Then on the board she did the Pigeons set,
And what provision she beside cou'd get;
Welcoming her nephew who did feed.
Then *Reynard* called forth his youthful breed
Rossell and *Reynardine* and thus did say
See here my sons who well have learnt to play,
Hopeful they are, for one the other day
A chicken kill'd, t'other a pullen got,
To grace our family these are my lot;
Good duckers both the Mallard they delude,
And catch the Lapwing oft with all her brood.
To scape the grins the trick they have not found,
And how to baulk the huntsman and his hound,
These I must teach them then they'l perfect be
In all my wiles the pictures both of me.
For grining they will play and oft beguile
With fairest speech, whilst killing they can smile,
My nature just and I am proud to see,
That they so hopefull and so toward be.

CHAP. XVII.

CHAP. XVII.

How Reynard *does repent him of his ſin And by the* Brock *abſolved is again.*

The Moral.

THe ſuns bright chariot having quench'd its fires
I'th weſtern deep, the *Brock* ſome reſt deſires
Made weary by his painful journey, when
The Fox with ſtraw does ſtrow his ample den
On which they lie and all moſt ſoundly ſleep,
Unleſs the Fox whoſe cares him waking keep,
No ſooner did the dawn of day ariſe,
And purple with Sol's beams the Eaſtern skys,
But *Grimbard* waking did his Uncle haſte
Who waking *Ermelin*, and round her waiſt
Caſting his arm he ſaid, dear Wife farewel
I muſt to Court, yet fear not all is well
The Lyon has forgiven me my crime
Then grieve not though I muſt ſtay there ſome time.
Keep cloſe the Caſtle Gates, and as for me
There is no doubt but I my ſelf will free.
Alas ſaid ſhe what moves you thus to run
New hazards, when you may the danger ſhun?
How narrow did you ſcape with life before
And will you tempt your daring fate once more?
Dear Wife be patient, Then Sir *Reynard* ſaid,
The King's command by me muſt be obey'd,
I will return e'r ſix days be compleat
And in that time my enemies defeat,
Then kindly taking leave bids huſh her fears
And ſo departed leaving her in tears.
Far had not *Grimbard* and Sir *Reynard* gone
Before the Fox unto him did make known

By the Foxes repentance is ſhewed the diſſimulation of the guilty, and the feigned ſhow of repentance they make when force or neceſſity drives them to it, or thereby to extenuate their guilt in the opinions of their friends; by his deceiving the Wolfe and bringing him to miſchief ſhews that when a man has any grudge againſt us 'tis dangerous to give credit to his counſel leſt it bring us to diſgrace and ſhame, and be evermore attended with miſchief to work his revenge.

How

How he had treſpaſs'd ſince his laſt abſolve
And to be ſhriven once more does reſolve;
Declaring that it wou'd much eaſe his doubt
And make him brave his foes with courage ſtout.
The *Brock* conſents and ſtrait he does begin
To tell the ſumme of new contracted ſin.
Firſt then ſaid he the Bear may juſt complain
Becauſe from's back his skin for me was ſlain.
The Wolfe likewiſe who has his fair ſhooes loſt
And his dear Wife, whom ſo much pain it coſt
At my requeſt, when as I never meant
To go to *Rome*, but did that wile invent
To ſave my life, conſpiracys I feign'd
Which never were, the King I entertain'd
With hopes of treaſure, but did him deceive,
And did the Hare late of his life bereave.
Bellin likewiſe by my contrivance fell,
Laprill I wounded and did *Sharpbeak* kill;
The Wolfe into more danger I did bring
Then I can tell in each peculiar thing,
But what I can remember I'l relate
'Twixt *Houthluſt* and *Elverding* I his fate
Almoſt accompliſh'd, for we finding there
A fat young Colt who ſuck'd a ſtately Mare,
The Wolf with hunger famiſh'd did entreat
That I with her the price o'th Colt wou'd beat.
I went and mildly ask'd if ſhe wou'd ſell
Her foal, if ſo that ſhe the price wou'd tell,
She ſaid for money ſhe wou'd gladly do't
But at the bottom of her hinder foot
The price was written, and if I cou'd read
I there might know and bargain for't with ſpeed.
But I who knew her ſubtile mind forbore,
Tis true I cannot read, ſaid I, therefore
I will not look, nor do I come to buy
It for my ſelf but for the Wolfe that's nigh.
Then let him come himſelf the Mare reply'd
At that I to Sir *Iſgrim* quickly hied,

And

And ſaid dear Uncle, if you can but read
You on the Colt may without danger feed,
For why the Mare declares the price of it,
On her hind foot in Characters is writ.
Read, ſaid the Wolfe, why! do you that diſpute?
Of ſuch a doubt I ſoon will you confute.
In all known tongues I am moſt excellent,
Aud have in learning all my life time ſpent.
Then leaving me unto the Mare he went
Telling her on whatpurpoſe he was bent,
To this the Mare does inſtantly conſent,
And lifting up her hinder foot where hung
A well made iron ſhooe by nailes moſt ſtrong,
The which Sir *Iſgrim* poring on to know
The Colts juſt Price, ſhe ſtruck him ſuch a blow
As fell'd him backwards, and made ſuch a wound
Juſt on his front as caſt him in a ſound.
Whilſt ſhe trots on, nor ſtays to look behind,
And with her Colt runs ſwift as flys the wind.
I heard Sir *Iſgrim* houle and went with ſpeed
To ſee him, where I found his wounds did bleed
Exceeding faſt, yet ſcoffing thus I ſaid,
Dear Uncle, have you ſuch a meal late made
That you are almoſt burſt? 'twas much unkind
That you'd not leave one bit for me behind,
Methoughts I heard you ſing, it ſhew'd you pleas'd
With what you bought, thus I Sir *Iſgrim* teaſ'd
Whilſt he with heavy chear thus made reply,
Good Nephew don't torment me, I ſhall dy
With anguiſh of my wounds, I need no more,
Did you but love me you'd my caſe deplore.
The Mare or Fiend or whatſoe'r ſhe be,
With her damn'd iron foot has wounded me,
Nay, broke my ſcull I think; for whilſt I gaz'd
To read the price, ſuppoſing ſhe had graz'd,
And took the nails for Saxon letters, ſhe
Smote on my front and gave this wound you ſee.

Alas dear Uncle, ſaid I, is this true?
Cou'd ſuch miſtakes in ſchollardſhip accrue?
I thought you excellent, but now paſt doubt
Your learning fail'd you or you were put out,
By over ſtudying you perhaps were dos'd.
Thus I my flouts then on the Wolf impos'd.
Theſe are my greateſt crimes come Nephew ſay
What is my penance and I'l ſoon obey.
The *Brock* reply'd theſe are great crimes indeed
Yet I pronounce you by confeſſion free'd.
But the contempts you did againſt the King
I fear will you into ſome danger bring.
Fear not; ſaid he, I know the world ſo well
That with new vice I can the old repel.
Thus went they to the court admir'd by all
Who now well hop'd to ſee the Fox's fall;
Yet he undaunted walk'd along in ſtate,
With ſcornfull ſmiles he mauger'd all their hate.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Fox before the King his plea does make,
And how to it the King in anſwer ſpake.

NO ſooner to the King is *Reynard* brought
But on his knees he fell, and thus beſought
His Highneſs that with patience he wou'd hear,
And he himſelfe of all his charge wou'd clear,
For, ſaid he, my dread Soveraign, ſhou'd you all
That have offended now to juſtice call,
Who here that ſtands before you wou'd be free?
But 'tis my fate that it ſhou'd light on me,
And others for worſe treſpaſſes eſcape,
For man's not known by bare his outward ſhape,
The hidden ſecret's wrap'd about theſoul,
That is the center and the fixed pole,

The Moral.

The Fox by his preſumptuous appearance and unconcerned looks intimates to us that many times offenders do ſuppoſe to bear out themſelves by their impudence or with great words to overbear the teſtimony of the weak. By his feigning

The Apes departure in his ſtead to Rome is ſeen how well crafty men can invent to excuſe themſelves, and explains the ſuperſtitious obſervances of former times in this nation who when they had committed any heinous offence were obliged to go to Rome for abſolution. His excuſing himſelfe from the crimes charged againſt him by the Cony and the Ape ſignifies that whoſo is wont for to offend never ſpares to excuſe the ſame by lying at what rate ſoever by his flattering the ſhe Ape and ſhe taking his part ſhews it is good to have a friend in court at time of need; by the departure of the Rook and Cony is ſhewed how fearfull men are daunted at the ſtout reply of their adverſary and had rather put up ſmall

Which all his projects hurry dayly round
There are the in-works of his actions found;
Therefore great King and you my Soveraign Queen
Let not your angers make you overſeen,
So far as to let falſhood now take place,
And malice all my innocence deface;
But if of what I'm tax'd I've guilty been
Then give me death, if not for the foul ſin
Of charging cauſleſly the innocent
Be my accuſers made for to repent.
When all the beaſts did hear the Fox thus plead
They were abaſhed, and each hung down his head,
Till with ſtern countenance the Lyon ſaid
In vain you ſtrive your doom for to envade,
Death ſhall not linger on you as before,
But e'r night comes your life ſhall be no more;
Such horrid crimes and ſuch affronts as theſe,
Cou'd you imagine wou'd your ſoveraign pleaſe?
No, death's your doom your ſentence now has pas't
This ſtruck him dumb a while, till at the laſt
He ſeeing how the fates did him ſurround
His mouth he open'd in this mournfull ſound,
Great King look on me that your Vaſſall am,
And do not Sentence (e'r I'm try'd) proclaim,
Let me but anſwer that is all I crave,
Such favours granted to the meaneſt ſlave.
If in my abſence I was wrong'd muſt I
Not only bear the wrong but for it die,
Tis too ſevere for had I guilty bin,
I wou'd not have appear'd to clear the ſin:
Tis true I ſtarted when Sir *Grimbard* came,
And told me how they wounded had my fame;
Then had I haſted had I been been but free
From the Popes curſe, 'twas that detained me
And not for dread of thoſe did I refrain.
But as I wandr'd mournful on the Plain
With penſive thoughts for unjuſt wrongs I met
My Uncle *Martin*, who did me intreat

That

That I wou'd tell the cauſe of all my grief
That he if poſſible might yield relief.
Then ſaid I, dear Uncle I have cauſe
To be thus ſad, for though I break no laws
Yet am I ſore accus'd, and by my friends
Who ſeek my ruin to promote their ends.
For *Laprel* my own kinſman yeſterday,
Came by my houſe as I did Mattins ſay,
And of me being faint requeſted meat,
But being ſhrovetide I no fleſh did eat,
Yet what I had I order'd he ſhou'd have,
And kindly uſher'd him into my Cave.
He having done, my youngeſt ſon addres't
To clear the board or take away the reſt,
At which he angry grew, and with his foot
So violently on his mouth he ſmote
That down he fell all bleeding to the ground,
When as *Reynardine* hurt his brother found
He ſeis'd on *Lapril*, with ſuch might and main
That had I not ſtep'd in he had been ſlain.
For the offence I gave chaſtiſement due,
Yet cou'd he thus my Lord preſent to you
So quite the contrary, what cou'd he mean
But only to diſgorge his ancient ſpleen?
As for *Corbant* his does more ſtrange appear
That I Dame *Sharpbeak* ſhou'd in pieces tear,
Tis true he flying to my Caſtle came.
And loudly did her fatall end proclaim.
The manner thus, he ſaid, Sir *Reynard* know
My Wife is dead, for on yon heath below
A Hare ſhe found and greedily did feaſt
Upon his carcaſe, all with worms poſſeſt
Devouring ſuch a multitude that they
Swallow'd alive did through her throat eat way,
Then left me grieving for her ſad miſchance.
This is the ſumm, for how cou'd I advance,
She being airy I to earth confin'd,
To ſeiſe on her who lodg'd on every wind?

ſmall wrongs then run the hazzard of greater.

Might

Might nimbly have avoided all my wiles;
For these dear Uncle, said I, all my toiles
And counsels for the state have been in vain.
And farther yet when *Isgrim* did complain,
And almost starv'd in Cloisters shut did pray
For my advice, I bid him run away.
He took my Counsel, for which I far'd worse
Being put for it beneath the Pope's dire Curse.
For which he nought but Malice does return,
Which half distracted makes me thus to mourn.
Then said my Uncle, *Reynard* cast off fear,
As for the curse of that I'l set you clear,
Then freely to the King you may resort
And clear your self i'th face of all the court.
At *Rome* unnumber'd friends I have, and all
Will rouse from slumber at a silver call;
Simon Pentot, *Wat Scatch* and all the crew
Of Parators will instant wait on you,
Besides, I there bear rule, the Pope and all
The Conclave will agree to what I shall.
The Cardinall who with a mighty hand
The Papacy controuls I can command,
Because a Niece he lately took of mine
Both young and fair to be his Concubine.
She is his joy the center of his hope,
Commanding him whilst he commands the *Pope*.
Therefore said he go boldly to the King
And I will manage that in every thing.
Who ever dare your righteous cause to thwart
If high or low the *Pope* shall curse him for't
My Wife with all her children are at court
To her before you to the King resort,
Tell her that from my self you lately came,
And she to your accusers woe and shame
Will plead your cause. Thus said my uncle dear,
The which with joy I did no sooner hear,
But setting on my way came speedily
To wait upon your Royal Majesty,

Therefore

Therefore your ſelf excepted if there be
Any that dare accuſe will combat me
Let him come forth, as by our laws is juſt,
And to his ſtrength againſt my weakneſs truſt;
Aſſign the day and I'l the fight commence,
That all may know my perfect innocence;
At theſe bold words each beaſt amazed ſtood,
So that the Rook and Cony thought not good
To ſtand the brunt, but with their wrongs content
Rather to be and ſo away they went,
Saying this Devil who can overcome,
Who on his ſide has drawn the *Pope* of Rome;
Tis beſt for us no longer here to ſtay
So ſaying privately they went their way,
When *Iſgrim* and the Bear this challeng heard
Moſt ſadly they upon each other lear'd,
But were ſtruck mute when thus the Lyon ſpake,
Now where are they who late complaints did make
Againſt the Fox, let them come forth with ſpeed
Becauſe of their appearance now ther's need?
But none durſt enter when the Fox reply'd
My gracious Soveraign Lord 'tis not deny'd
That abſence makes accuſers daring bold,
When preſence baffles all their lies they told,
Where are the Cony and the Rook, my Lord,
Or any that object an evil word?
Yet I forgive them though mine enemies,
'Tis charity that ever rules the wiſe.
Then ſaid the King, Sir *Reynard* you ſpeak well,
Wou'd but your heart agree to what you tell.
My Lord ſaid *Reynard* that do's far ſurmount,
What I now ſpeak is but the leaſt account.
But ſaid the King, the great indignity
In ſending *Reward*'s head you put on me
I never ſhall forget, condemn'd to dy
I pardon'd you, and laid your treaſons by
In hopes of your amendment, when your prayer
Was that to *Rome* you might with ſpeed repair,

When

When in your Mail the head o'th murther'd Hare
You back by *Bellin* in derision sent,
For which death's sentence he has late receiv'd
And you e'r long shall be of life bereav'd.
At this the Fox grew pale and trembling stood,
Chill horror had now freez'd his springs of blood,
Whilst few or none did pity his offence;
Then said the King, where is your innocence?
Tis plain that you poor *Reward*'s blood have spilt,
For in your face I read the horrid guilt.
This made the bear and Wolfe with joy abound
Because they means to plague the Fox had found.

CHAP. XIX.

Rucknaw *for* Reynard *pleadeth wondrous well, And to the King a parable doth tell.*

WHen the she *Ape* beheld her kinsman mute,
And that he cou'd no longer now dispute
She takes his cause in hand and doth begin,
My Lord lay anger by, for 'tis a sin
In Judges whilst o'th Judgement seat they sit
Th'upper hand to let pale anger get,
The laws I've read and in them have some skill
For which the *Pope* does honour me, and still
When other Beasts upon the ground do ly
The favour of a straw bed clean have I,
Nay more, what ever I do use to speak
All have regard to and my counsell take,
Therefore let all things now be done upright,
And since my kinsman is accus'd through spite,
Let him defend himself, it is but just
Whose counsels have been ever taken first;

On

On all occaſions have avail'd the ſtate
More in their number than I can relate,
He and his Predeceſſors have been great.
Then let your Clemency great Judge take place,
That he may his accuſers face to face
Once more behold, and if he be not freed,
'Tis fit that you to Judgment then proceed.

To whom the princely *Lyon* anſwer'd mild,
Had he with ſuch enormous deeds beguil'd
Or injur'd you as he to ſome has done,
You wou'd this cauſe with deteſtation ſhun
And wiſh he might the worſt of hazard run.
Dame you have heard the fatal Impious Deeds
Of Theft and Murther which from him proceeds.
Amongſt the reſt the Blood of *Keward* cries
For Vengeance, and on me the ſhame it lies;
If I revenge it not, the grand Diſgrace
Ungratefully was thrown into my face.
All his deſigns are how to work deceit,
To Act vile Miſchiefs and to counterfeit,
With ſmooth pretences to daub o're his guilt,
And wipe away the Blood he lately ſpilt.
Who ever yet ſtood up in his defence
But he ungrateful wrong'd their Innocence?
Which makes me wonder how your Wiſdom fails,
To take his part who ſtill his Friends aſſails.
To which Dame *Rucknaw* made this mild reply,
My Lord, I love my Kinſman and wou'd dye
To ſave him from the danger eminent,
Dread Sr. though he has ſinn'd he may repent,
He has been ſerviceable to the Court,
And heretofore your Highneſs thank'd him for't.
Remember my Dread Soveraign how of late
He did decide a Buſineſs of ſuch weight
As made all men amaz'd, thus was the thing;
The mighty Serpent whoſe offenſive ſting

The Moral.

By Rucknaw's taking part with the Fox and pleading his cauſe may be obſerved that when we praiſe weak perſons whether they deſerve it or not, they think themſelves bound to gratifie us by one means or other, and always it is good to flatter ſome that we may have a friend in caſe of need; by her vehemency is ſhewn the paſſion of women where they take, and by her declaring the deciſion of Judgment between the man and the Serpent ſometimes it is obſerved of a mans former good deeds being called to mind does taſten his guilt,

With horrid Poison taints the troubl'd Air;
Did with a man late to your Court repair
Who had reliev'd him from a fatal snare.
In which by Craft he was intangl'd so,
That life must end ere he from thence cou'd go
Unless some help; by chance a man came by,
To whom the Serpent mournfully did cry
For his Assistance, or he soon should dye;
The man compassionate does lend his aid,
Only these words he to the Serpent said,
When from the fatal noose I have reliev'd,
And you from death most certain here reprieve'd,
You shall make promise that you won't assail
Me with your teeth, nor with your poysonous tail,
The Serpent being now in great distress
Swore to the thing to get a quick release
From torment and from dangers he endur'd,
At which the man his Liberty procur'd
Through pity and compassion, but the Snake
He scarcely loos'd when thus ingrate he spake;
Friend the late vows which did from me proceed
Were 'gainst all law extorted in my need,
Therefore I think not fit to be observ'd,
But since I now am almost hunger starv'd
I must devour you; this affrights the man
Who pale with fear to start aside began,
Desiring him to call his Oath to mind,
Which him to firmer Articles did bind,
To whom the wise malicious Fiend reply'd,
My hunger does constrain me to make void
All Oaths so rashly given, therefore know
I with my Sting must strike the fatal blow.
Then said the man (to's utmost shifts being driven)
Yet for my kindness let me be forgiven
Till the next Passenger decide the cause,
And then will I submit to natures Laws.
The Serpent does agree when strait comes on
Tzelin the loud *Raven* and his Son,

On

On boding wings they ſtoop'd in hope of prey,
When as the Serpent did before them lay
The cauſe ingrateful, which being underſtood,
And they in hopes to gorge themſelves with Blood
Gave it againſt the man, who then reply'd
How can theſe Murtherers this cauſe decide?
They live by Slaughter, Slaughter is their gain,
Be't right or wrong their Intereſt they'l maintain;
Therefore by thoſe that Laws perfection know
Will I be try'd, to ſuch I mean to go.
Then in their way they meet the Wolf and Bear
To whom they did the ſumm of all declare
They likewiſe hoping for to gain a ſhare,
Gave Judgment, Since the man was in his pow'r
The Serpent if he pleas'd might him devour;
When from his livid Jaws which fire incloſe
Againſt the man he bainful Poiſon throws,
Which ſtruck him back with horror, whilſt he cry'd
I to your King appeal, let him decide
The weighty Cauſe, and what he ſhall think fit
Without controle I patient will ſubmit.
Then to your Royal Highneſs Court they came,
And made you ſoon acquainted with the ſame,
The which with anxious doubt perplex'd the Court
How to decide what each had made report.
The one Ingratitude, the other pleads
'Twas pinching hunger forc'd him to ſuch deeds,
So that the Cauſe cou'd not be fairly try'd
Till this my Kinſman you command decide
The weighty Buſineſs, and did then declare
He ſhould the Title of Lord *Reynard* bear,
His anſwer was, he could not ſpeak aright
Till he beheld them in the ſelf-ſame plight
They firſt were in; to this your grace comply'd,
And ſtrait the Serpent in the ſnare was ty'd,
When he his judgment gravely thus arreads:
If that the man to th' Serpents aid proceeds

It is his kindneſs, or he may forbear
If that he think he will himſelf forſwear.
'Tis at his choice, things ſtand now as at firſt
Ingrateful men ſhou'd always ſhare the worſt;
Therefore 'tis juſt the man ſhou'd leave him now,
Becauſe he late regarded not his Vow.
This Sentence pleaſed all, all did commend
His juſt direction, and did condeſcend
That the fell Serpent in the Snare ſhould lye,
Unleſs the man would help him ſpeedily,
Which he refus'd and ſuffer'd him to dye.
When was ſuch Counſel ever giv'n before?
For this on him you did your favours pour,
And Lordly Titles added to his name,
Whilſt that the Wolf and Bear ſlunk back for ſhame.
They who with ſlaughters daily glut their Maws,
Yet him wou'd ruine for a ſlender Cauſe;
To wrack revenge it plainly does appear
They wou'd the beſt of Counſellors cashiere;
They whoſe Caps ſtill overflow with Blood
Who never yet did ought that's called good.
It was the pleaſure of your Majeſty,
To ſay his Kindred now did from him fly;
With what you ſay, moſt willing I comply,
But ſhou'd another now affirm the ſame
I wou'd have prov'd it falſe unto his ſhame;
A number of his valiant Kin are here,
And when you ſhall command it will appear,
And in his cauſe wou'd all be proud to dye.
If his accuſers dare againſt us try
The juſtneſs of their Accuſations laid;
Though I of late another's Wife am made
Yet would I venture boldly for his ſake;
With that to all her Children loud ſhe ſpake,
Come and ſtand by your Kinſman in diſtreſs,
At which came skipping in, in all no leſs
Than half a hundred, here too much to name,
But *Ruckman*'s Children were the moſt of Fame;

The Otter and his Wife, the Squirril too,
The Pole-Cat, Beaver, Weasel and their Crew,
And all petition for the Foxe's Life,
When in her speech proceeded Martins Wife;
Now may your highness be convinc'd that all
His kindred do not from their Kinsman fall,
Then let me beg that my dread Soveraign Lord
Would but that justice unto him afford,
As to give ear unto what he can say,
If he himself excuse not let him pay
His life as forfeit. Then rose up the Queen
And said Dame *Rucknay* it before had been
As you request had not his anger sway'd
And his strong will too fiercely disobey'd.
His judgment, for Sr. *Firapel* and I
Our utmost yesterday in this did try,
To whom the King as mildly did reply
You've spoke the truth, and what you did request
The death of *Reward* hindr'd, but possest
Of all you ask you shall be let him speak,
And his defence before me freely make.
At which low bowing humble thanks they pay,
And *Reynard* joyful to his Aunt did say,
Dear Aunt, for this how shall I now express
The boundless Love that I to you profess.
Your wisdom has redeem'd me from the Grave,
For which in all you may my service crave;
Now I shall speak I fear not those proud foes
That dare on me such hateful Crimes impose,
Those that on me did seek to wreck their spite
May find ere long it on themselves shall light.

CHAP. XX.

CHAP. XX.

How Reynard *clears himself of* Keward's *Fate, Gains favor and of Jewels does relate.*

THe Lion being seated on his Throne
Does *Reynard's* Tryal to the Beasts make known,
Commanding his accusers thou'd appear,
But they were fled or mute, for none drew near.
Then after leave requir'd Sr. *Reynard* said,
May't please your highness, and is *Keward* dead?
Oh how it wounds me to the Soul, but then
Where is the Ram, that most accurs'd of men?
If the three Jewels have miscarry'd I
Shall faint with grief, and of my self shall dye,
If they are lost the World's best Treasure's gone,
Jemm's fit for Kings, and but for Kings alone;
India contains not such, the first I sent
To you, the next did to the Queen present.
At which the King did stand a while amaz'd,
On him the Queen with as much wonder gaz'd
While as Sr. *Reynard* joy'd to see it take,
Then breaking silence thus the Lion spake,
'Tis wonder that you tell for *Keward's* sake
Whose murther'd head he in your mail did bring,
And did confess he did advise the thing,
I caus'd the Ram to dye, this is the summ.
Then said the Fox, what will of me become?
I am undone for ever if they're lost,
The Treasure can't be numbr'd that they cost.
No Prince possess'd the like, and my poor Wife
If once she knows it will resign her Life.

At

At which Dame *Rhodon* bid him cease his grief,
Since that for loss can render no relief;
Tell us what Jewels you have lost, and then
Perhaps in time they may be found again;
Or the Magician shall explode his Art,
To see if Fiends or Furies can impart
Who now detains them, or the Priest shall curse
Each Parish till they are restor'd, or worse.
Aunt, said the Fox, such small attempts are vain,
Who ever has them might be Empire gain
To yield them up I do not think he would,
Then hear their worth, The first a Ring of Gold
I to his Highness sent in which were set
Such stones of Price as ne'er were valu'd yet,
O'th other side three names engraven were,
Enamell'd all in Hebrew Character.
But different Colours and of various hue,
Some Black, some Green, and some an *Azure* blew.
The names were those, as the wise Jew did say,
Which *Seth* did out of Paradise convey,
When he the Oyl of Mercy brought from thence.
Of such great Power and sacred Excellence
They are that whosoever bears the Ring,
Needs not to fear when angry *Jove* does fling
Three-bolted-Thunders, or when's Light'ning strays,
No Witch-Craft on him ever shall take place,
Nor sin have pow'r to ruine his great Soul,
Triumphant shall he be without controle.
The top of it enchas'd a precious Stone
Which of three several glorious Colours shone,
The first of Christal glittering like fire
Whose Brightness wou'd make sable Night retire,
Or like a Commet blazing in the Skyes.
The next transparent whiteness did comprize
Which from all blemish wou'd preserve the Eyes,
All Swellings, Aches, pestilential Pain
That Man or Beast did ever yet sustain

The Moral.

By the Foxes laying this bait of Jewels before the King, is observed that crafty men do still endeavour to pacifie the anger of their Judge by something that may work upon his fancy, which dulls the sharpness of his revenge, and creates some feeling of compassion towards the Offender, to this he adds his own and his Fathers service, which may be a means to strengthen the growing kindness, and in the end obtain forgiveness: for Ingratitude, seldom or never lodges in a noble mind, but they are ever more readier to requite good turns than we to ask the requital of the same.

It would obliterate. The third was green,
And, in it many purple Stars were seen,
Which yielded him that bore it Victory,
And with strange Terror seis'd his Enemy,
Nor need he fear the greatest harm on Earth,
That bears it so he be of noble Birth.
Therefore I to your highness sent the same
Who all Earths Princes do exceed in Fame.
The other two I did with speed think fit
To my dread Soveraign Lady to transmit,
The first a Comb was of most wond'rous price
Made of a Bone of Beast near Paradise,
India the great which men *Panthera* call
For scent and fairness far exceeding all
The World affords, which does allure each Beast
His Eyes and Smelling on him still to feast,
The great Physician of the Forrest nam'd
For curing of Diseases ever fam'd,
In his broad Shoulder grows the sacred Bone
Ore which the fire or water power has none.
Yet is it light and Poison doth expel,
And cureth all Diseases by its smell.
This polish'd bright into a Comb was made
Which in the midst such curious works do shade,
That all admir'd; the tale it does relate
How *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Venus*, in debate
About the Golden Fruit Fate did decree
Unto the fairest Goddess of the three;
And how they sleeping in Mount *Ida* found
Young *Paris Priam's* Son whom Judge they crown'd,
Of all the strife, and he to *Venus* gave
The Prize for *Hellen* who did *Troy* enslave.
As for the Glass it is so wonderous fair
That in the world it does surmount compare,
It rowls orbicular yet round about
The frame is set with gallant Stories out;
All things within a miles circumference
One plain might see, and how the Planets dance:

Their

Their wakeful Rounds, each thing at diſtance view,
Plants, Shrubs and Trees, as if they near one grew.
The wood which from the Glaſs did ſtretch out wide,
Being a foot at leaſt on either ſide,
Was of a nature admirable ſtrange
Which duſt nor time had not the pow'r to change;
Of it King *Crampart* once a Horſe did frame,
When he to *Morcadiges* Daughter came,
Which with the turning of a pin wou'd run
One hundred miles, before the Radiant Sun
Cou'd circle out an hour; ſuch was the Art
That *Cladmuds* needs on it wou'd try his part.
And unadviſed leaping on its back,
Its flight through Air ſo ſwiftly it did take,
That the young Prince amaz'd to *Juno* cry'd,
Who him ſoon taught the ſwift pac'd Steed to guide;
And turn'd him back unto his native place,
Who elſe had wander'd ore the worlds wide face.
The virtue of this artificial Steed
Did from the power of this ſame wood proceed,
Of which the Glaſſes frame was neatly made,
And with pure Gold great part was over-laid.
On the upper ſide this ſtory firſt was ſet,
How that a Horſe and Hart by chance once met,
And did contend who was moſt Excellent,
Or who for running was the nimbleſt bent.
The Race agreed upon, the horſe does go
Unto a Herdſman making him to know,
The whole deſign, and telling him, if he
To take the part with him wou'd but agree,
He ſhou'd have all the prize, and he the ſame.
The Herdſman doubts how to effect the ſame,
To whom the Horſe reply'd, you on my back
Once being got my ſpeed I will not ſlack;
But in my ſpeed as ſwift as flying wind
I will perſue as you ſhall quickly find.
The Herdſman ſoon conſents and got a Bit
To rein him with, puts Spurs upon his feet,

And mounting with full ſpeed the Hart purſues,
Till the ſlow horſe much of his ground did looſe,
And weary grown, intreats the man to light,
That he might reſt; but ſtill he ſpurs for flight,
Saying, Now you'r my ſervant not your own,
Nor henceforth ſhall you be. At which a groan
The horſe did fetch, to think himſelf apai'd
For his late fooliſh craving human aid.
Upon the other hand Rich carv'd was found
The Fable of the Aſs and ſportful Hound,
A hound with whom his Maſter us'd to play,
And feed him at his table ev'ry day;
Which when the Aſs beheld he angry grew,
Becauſe he Labour daily did purſue,
And with great toil brought in his maſters gains;
Yet had not the like kindneſs for his pains.
Whilſt in himſelf he ſuch-like thought revolv'd,
To try his maſters Love he ſoon reſolv'd,
And finding him one day ſat in his Chair,
He with Love-Cringes friſking does repair,
Then him with his fore-feet he leaps upon
Braying aloud, the which no ſooner done,
But he with amorous ſigns does rudely kiſs,
And hurt the man, who no ſuch love did wiſh,
But crying loud for help, his ſervants came
And the poor Aſs with Cudgells almoſt lame,
Which made him his robuſtous mood repent,
And to his Stall with wounds repair content.
Thus may we ſee, when Aſſes would be great
They often run upon a dangerous fate,
Yet Aſſes often-times advanced are;
But 'tis obſerv'd, they fall into a Snare,
Therefore let Aſſes be content with that
Which is at firſt aſſign'd to be their Lot.
The next was of Sr. *Tibert* and my Sire,
Whom *Tibert* did to travel with deſire,
Swearing no dangers ever ſhou'd divide,
But long they had not, ere they Huntſmen ſpy'd

With

With hounds great number marching o're the field,
Which made them fly unto the woods to ſhield
Themſelves from the purſuing foe; then ſaid
My Father to the Cat, my wiles cou'd aid,
And bring me quick relief: but for your ſake
I will endure the worſt. Then *Tibert* ſpake,
I have but one, and ſtreight a tree does take,
Leaving my Father for to ſhift alone,
Whilſt lurking in thick boughs diſcern'd by none,
He ſafely ſat, and to my Father cry'd
In ſcornful wiſe, your wiles muſt be employ'd,
Had you ten thouſand, or you'l ſcarce be freed.
My Father hearing this, let fall with ſpeed
His Staff and Mail, to make him light, yet all
Had naught avail'd, had not he ſpy'd a hole,
Into which entering he himſelf did ſhroud
From hounds and hunters that ſo cloſe purſu'd:
Or elſe he had been worryed to death,
And had reſign'd his ever famous breath.
Yet he forgave that falſe diſſembling ſlave,
That in diſtreſs did prove himſelf a Knave.
And I likewiſe for injuries done to me,
Releaſe thoſe ills for th'ſake of Charity.

Surrounding this bright Mirrour, next in place
The Wolf and Cranes fair Story doth enchaſe,
Which thus begins, the Wolf upon a time
Being hunger pinch'd, a wood-crown'd hill did climb,
Where finding a dead Sheep, his Appetite
On it to feed moſt eager did invite.
So greedy was he, that the bones he eat;
Whilſt one of them acroſs his throat did get,
Who almoſt choak'd, long ſought with grievous pain
To find a Surgeon, to draw out the ſame.
At laſt he happen'd for to find the Crane,
And to him of his hurt did ſore complain;
Saying, that if his neck he wou'd extend,
To draw the bone from out his Throat, and end

The torture he endur'd, a great reward
He would beſtow: And doth with vows record
He would perform the ſame. The Crane proceeds,
And draws the bone out of his throat that bleeds;
Which made the Wolf cry out with horrid grief.
But when from danger great he had relief,
The Crane demands his promiſe, who ingrate
Said, Sir, be quiet, you have ſcap'd a fate,
Which late was imminent: for when your head
Was in my mouth, I cou'd have made you dead.
Then be contented you have ſcap'd the ill,
That when 'twas in my power I did not kill.
Thus may be ſeen ingrateful mens vile deeds,
And thus the Wolf in all his Acts proceeds,
Ingratitude is what the beſt receive,
That do his lies and flatteries believe.
Theſe were the Jewels that I ſent my Lord,
And did to my Dread Sovereign Queen afford;
But Oh the horrors! that now ſeize my Soul,
To think that they are loſt without control,
For me they were too rich, alas for why,
I thought none worth them but your Majeſty:
And therefore ſent them, though my children mourn'd,
And Wife lamented; yet their tears I ſcorn'd,
In competition of your Highneſs good.
Nor did I think the Ram defraud you wou'd.
O Death and Horrors! then is *Keward* dead,
Whom I ſo loved, and late ſo kindly fed
At my own Table, with my choiceſt meat,
Whilſt he gave thanks and would no longer eat.
The Ram and he I thought ſo true and juſt,
That they I ſafe might with the Jewels truſt.
But whoſoe'r did act the horrid deed,
I'l find him out, my ſelf ſhall make him bleed;
All Necromantick Charms ſhall be employ'd
Such as can ſunder Rocks, and Hills divide,
Make Graves to yawn, and rouze the ſleepy dead;
But I will find a Body to the Head.

Yet

Yet much it grieves me, that your Highneſs ſhou'd
Say that my Sire nor I did never good,
But ſtill diſturb'd the grand Affairs of State:
May't pleaſe your Highneſs ſuffer me relate,
How when you were but young, my Father came
From *Mountpelier*'s School that place of Fame.
There five years ſtudy he in Phyſick ſpent,
Then to your Father being ſick he went
Who did eſteem him as the only he
Who had ſole Art to cure his Malady.
No ſooner he approach'd his princely Bed
But with a doleful noiſe he rear'd his head,
And ſaid, Sir *Reynard*, you are he I want,
Long ſickneſs now has made your King ſo faint;
As if you Cordials give not ſpeedily
Ere morning dawns, no doubt but I ſhall dye.
Then feeling of his Pulſe, he quickly ſaid,
The Liver of a Wolf muſt ſtrait be had,
Who ſeven years has liv'd, and that will be
Unto your Grace a ſpeedy Remedy.
At this Sir *Iſgrim* trembl'd ſtanding by:
But ſilence kept, when faint the King did cry,
Sir *Iſgrim* for the publick good you muſt
Afford your Liver, and it is but juſt.
Then ſaid the Wolf, my Lord, this is not meant,
Of me, I ſcarce five years of Life have ſpent:
It matters not, my Father ſaid as well
It may perform the Cure, and I can tell
When once I ſee it; then the Wolf was ſlain,
And out of him his well-fed-Liver tain.
Which when the King had eaten, he reviv'd,
Grew chearful and in health and ſtrength both thriv'd;
Then was he honour'd with a roſie Wreath,
And many favours more the King did breath
Upon his faithful Servant, but now all
Wither'd and blaſted on the ground do fall.
Whilſt thoſe who never yet did good, do riſe,
And Virtue by the wicked wounded lies,

Flattery

Flattery nowprevailes, but ſhou'd you want
Their ſervice in the leaſt, you'd find them ſcant,
Like Swallows ſinging to your morning wake;
But when ſtorms come, their flight they quickly take.
Remember too, my Lord, what I have done
For you my King, your Queen, and eke your Son;
And how the Wolf ingrateful diſobey'd
Your high commands, for which at laſt he paid,
The ſtory was my Lord as you know well
When by our force a well-fed ſwine late fell,
At whoſe lond fall your Highneſs and your Queen
Came from the woods. When you our prize had ſeen,
You ask'd a ſhare, but *Iſgrim* did repine,
As is his nature, but I render'd mine,
And it with joy, did to your grace reſign.
But that ſuffic'd not, yet you ask'd for more
But *Iſgrim* greedy would not yield his ſtore.
Whereat your Majeſty inraged grew,
And him with one ſtrong blow quite overthrew:
Whilſt that his toren Ears apace did bleed,
And you commanded him to fetch with ſpeed
More meat, when by your highneſs great conſent
I with him to procure proviſion went.
The firſt we lighted on was a fat Calf,
Which being brought I did divide in half,
To you the one, the Queen the other gave,
Iſgrim the head had, and my ſelf did ſave
Only the feet, for all its inward parts
I ſent your Children, as 'twas their deſerts.
By Birth or Virtue, then your Grace did ask,
How I ſo well came to perform my task.
I anſwer'd, that the Wolf had taught me wit,
Not to diſpute the thing which you thought fit:
Though many Wolves there were that wou'd devour
The Nation up, lay it but in their pow'r,
And rather wou'd their Prince ſhould ſink than they
Wou'd part with ought the yielding State to ſtay.

This

This and much more 'tis plain that I have done,
And for your ſake wou'd greater hazard run,
To whom the King reply'd, you well have ſaid,
Therefore my friend, be not at all diſmaid,
Of *Kewards* death I will not you accuſe
Becauſe that guilty *Bellie* brought the news;
And there's no other witneſs of the Crime,
Therefore I pardon all unto this time.
Future obedience yet may make you great
And place you yet above your former ſeat,
Only the Jewels I wou'd have you find
And I for ever after will be kind.
This made the Fox rejoyce, low thanks he pay'd,
And told the King he ſhou'd be ſtill obey'd.

CHAP. XXI.

How Reynard *with the King his peace did make,*
And Iſgrim *ſtill of him complaining ſpake.*

WHen *Reynard* had returnd'd his thanks he ſaid,
A ſearch for theſe rich Jewels ſhall be made
By me o're the broad ſurface of the World;
I'l find them, though they're ne'r ſo obſcure hurl'd.
And eke the Murtherer of *Kewards* too,
But then one thing your Majeſty muſt do,
If I in potent hands ſhou'd find the ſame,
Deny'd acceſs, then I your aid muſt claim,
You muſt aſſiſt me as it is your right
With juſtice all offenders to affright.
The King reply'd, my help you ſhall not need
When once they're found, that's by my ſelf decreed,
Then humble thanks the Fox repay'd again,
When as the Wolf began thus to complain;

And

And will your highneſs this falſe wretch believe,
Who did ſo oft your Majeſty deceive?
Whoſe Tales for ſubſtance are compos'd of wind,
That he a ſhroud for his black Crimes may find.
Has not he oft abus'd your Grace, why then
Will you give credence to the worſt of men?
Hear me but ſpeak, let him excuſe the ſin,
And I'll be ſilent ne'r to ſpeak agen.
Not many days have paſs'd ſince he betraid
My harmleſs Wife, and me a Cuckold made,
By his perſwading her to lay her tail
Into the water, and that without fail
Whole ſhoals of fiſh wou'd cling unto it ſtrait,
She ſilly ſoul lets fall the willing bait
And patient ſtands by his moſt ſmooth advice,
Till piercing cold had frozen round with Ice.
Then with hot luſt he forc'd her, whilſt that ſhe
Had loſt reſiſtance, and no way cou'd flee,
This I beheld, for ere the act was done,
I chanc'd to come, which when I ſaw I run
As ſwift as Light'ning, and with ſhame cry'd out
What is't vile Villain that thou art about?
Which when he heard he diſingag'd and fled,
Leaving my Wife with anguiſh almoſt dead.
Long was't ere I found means the Ice to break
That ſhe her tail benumm'd from thence might take,
Which to effect at laſt ſhe means did find,
Yet was oblig'd to leave a piece behind;
Which made her howl ſo that the Village roſe
And with ſtrong Clubs and Staves did round encloſe,
Beating and wounding us with deadly blows.
One ſwifter than the reſt purſu'd apace
And often turn'd us in the dreadful chace,
Crying aloud, kill, kill the Wolves with ſpeed,
And 'tis paſt doubt but they had done the deed,
Had not black Night her ſable veil put on,
And we into a field of buſhes gone,

And broke off the purſute, there we with grief
Our ſelves bemoan'd, till day did bring relief,
Then Sir revenge this wrong I now implore
Nor this alone he's caus'd, but many more.
When bowing to the King the Fox reply'd,
If this were true it cou'd not be deny'd,
But I in juſtice merit puniſhment,
But theſe feign'd tales his malice did invent,
To blaſt my Innocence, 'tis true, I taught
His Wife to fiſh, and ſhe a number caught,
But over-greedy of ſo ſweet a prey
She in the Brook ſo large a time did ſtay,
That hoary winter with his icy Locks
Had caught her tail in his congealed Stocks,
Which I no ſooner ſaw but poſted ſtrait,
With ſwifter ſpeed than I can now relate
To her aſſiſtance, but in vain I try'd,
Not being with ſufficient ſtrength ſupply'd,
Her weight was ſuch as I cou'd no ways move;
Yet to my utmoſt pow'r I ſhew'd my love.
The which when *Iſgrim* came and diſtant view'd,
That we were nought he jealous did conclude.
Then ſwearing lowd he came with fury on,
Whoſe horrid oaths oblig'd me to be gon,
Not that I guilty was or fear'd his ſtrength
When with much pain he broke the Ice at length:
Then round the field they cours'd it with their feet,
To get themſelves as I ſuppoſe a heat.
This was the truth, and more I do not know,
The reſt does from his ranker malice flow,
Becauſe your Highneſs pleaſes to forgive
Your humble ſlave and ſuffers him to live,
Time's all I ask now of my gracious King,
And I a hundred witneſſes will bring
To juſtifie from his own words the ſame,
And here with Wine o're powr'd he did proclaim.
I never injur'd him, but was his Friend
On whom his Life and Fortunes did depend,

None will believe a man that wrongs his Wife
As he has falſly done! To end the ſtrife,
Let her but ſpeak, and if ſhe ſays the ſame,
Let me for ever after bear the blame.
Then ſtep'd Dame *Arſewind* forward and began,
Vile *Reynard* thou abuſeful perjur'd man,
How canſt thou have the face to plead thy Cauſe,
When thou ſo oft haſt broke the Nations Laws?
Remember how you with the Bucket fell
Into the bottom of a large deep Well,
From whence to ſcape no means you'ere had found
But there muſt have been murther'd, ſtarv'd or drown'd.
When as two Buckets fixed to one Rope,
One to the bottom t'other to the top,
Did uſual keep their turns, you leap'd in one
Which ere you cou'd get out again ſunk down,
I chanc'd to paſs that way and hear you cry
Came to the Well and ask'd immediately,
What you were doing, unto which you ſaid,
You there ſo great a meal of fiſh had made
That almoſt burſt you was in grievous pain,
I ask'd you then how I ſhou'd ſome obtain.
You ſaid if I wou'd in the Bucket get
That hung aloof, I need not want for meat.
This I believ'd, but was no ſooner in
But I deſcended, and you roſe again,
My weight being more than yours, you leaping out
Began in my Extremity to flout.
Saying, the faſhion of the world is ſo,
That when one riſes t'other ſinks as low,
Then leaving me to pine with cold and want,
A whole long day, when as the people ſcant
With life diſmiſs'd me, giving many wounds;
Beſides ſome bites which I receiv'd from hounds.
Reynard reply'd, dear Aunt 'twas juſt that I
Should uſe my wits in ſuch Extremity;
The fate was yours or mine, and here I ſwear,
I'd rather you than I the brunt ſhou'd bear;

You

You are moſt able, and your hide no doubt
From luſty ſtroaks wou'd better bear you out.
To which the ſhe Wolf ſaid may't pleaſe the King,
This crafty Knave to every tune can ſing
And turn the tide, then ſtern Sir *Iſgrim* ſaid,
To the ſhe Ape this Villain me betrayd,
But let him tell the ſtory if he pleaſe;
If he ſpeak truth it will my Rage appeaſe.
Then ſaid Sir *Reynard*, Uncle never fear;
For without ſhame I will the truth declare,
May't pleaſe the King Sir *Iſgrim* t'other day
Came to a ſunny bank on which I lay,
Saying he almoſt hunger ſtarv'd ſhou'd dye,
If that ſome meat he had not ſpeedily,
Bidding me riſe that we for ſome may ſeek,
If this be falſe I wou'd deſire he'd ſpeak.
Long ſpace we wander'd, but we nothing found,
Till in a hole at laſt made deep it'h ground,
We heard a ruſling noiſe, at which we ſtood,
Hoping ſome prey was there to do us good.
Then ſaid I, *Iſgrim* enter here with ſpeed,
Alas ſaid he that Cave may Serpents breed,
I wou'd not for the world ſuch danger run
But you are wiſe and can all danger ſhun.
Thus thruſt he me in, whilſt without he ſtaid,
Though greater far and ſtronger; yet afraid.
When I came in I found a ſhe Ape laid
With her foul young, of huge and mighty ſize
Her teeth and nails did me at firſt ſurprize.
Ugly and much deform'd were all her young,
When caſting fear aſide I us'd my tongue
As my beſt guard, when thus to her I ſaid,
Glad am I Aunt that you ſo well are laid,
And theſe my pretty Couzins thrive ſo well:
Of your Delivery when I heard tell,
I came to viſit you and my fair Kin,
To which ſhe ſaid, had I more cleanly been,

I shou'd have joy'd at your kind visit, yet;
You are most welcom, will you please to sit?
Then of my Wife she ask'd, and all my breed,
Which I resolv'd, then did she thus proceed.
Dear Nephew you are learn'd and Wisdom preach,
Therefore I'd have you all my Children teach
In Sciences and Knowledge, that they may
Know how to live I'th world another day.
When these kind words I heard, I soon grew glad,
Tho' almost poison'd with the stench they made,
And willingly I offer'd to depart
When up upon all four the Monster start,
And said dear Couzen, let me now entreat
You not to go till you have had some meat,
With that we into her back-Parlour went
Where she did store of costly meats present,
As Venison, Partridg, Pheasants, Hare,
Of which when I had eat, whilst I cou'd stare,
She needs wou'd send my wife a whole fat side
Of Venison, which upon my back she ti'd,
Then taking leave she kindly bid farewel,
When I came out of this most noisom Cell
Half poyson'd with the fume, Sir *Isgrim* lay
Upon the ground amazed at my stay.
Craving for meat when I my token gave
Which he devour'd, yet still for more did crave,
I told him more he in the Cave might find
If he cou'd flatter and the Ape speak kind,
That with her noisom Elfs possess'd the store,
Which to perform he then immediate swore.
So entring found them as I had foretold
When he from railing had not pow'r to hold,
But thus began; what hell-bred Imps are these
Their frightful shapes my thought with terrors sease,
Destroy them from the Earth, lest nature be
Infected with their vile deformity.
To which she made reply, Sir *Isgrim* know
How you your unadvised weakness show,

For

For here was one of late than you more wiſe
That did extol their features to the skyes.
Therefore I'd wiſh you hence for to make haſte
Nay Dame ſaid he I firſt your meat muſt taſte.
To which ſhe ſaid ſhe'd none, nay that's a lye,
Said *Iſgrim*, for I ſee ſome ſtand hard by,
Then catching at it, ſtrait the Ape aroſe
And inſtantly did with Sir *Iſgrim* cloſe,
Whilſt all the young to her Aſſiſtance came
Who tore his Skin and both his Ears did main,
This is the truth great King that I declare,
And thus he came thoſe bloody Scars to wear.

CHAP. XXII.

Iſgrim grown angry gives the Fox his Glove,
To combate him, of which he doth approve.
Dame Rucknaw *teacheth him to uſe his Arms*
And ſave him from the Wolf's intended harms.

THis hearing, *Iſgrim* angry grew and ſaid,
The lies ſhou'd not excuſe that he had made,
His vengeance ſhou'd purſue him, nor wou'd he
Endure the Traytors Scorn and Infamy.
My Lord but hear me what he ſaid, in need
He did relieve me with whereon to feed
Was but the bones of a poor Hare which he
Had eaten up, nor is your Highneſs free
From his vile Treacheries, you be deceiv'd
With feigned Treaſure, when he me bereav'd
Of both my ſhooes, and to my charge did lay,
Such horrid Crimes as makes me bluſh to ſay.

The Moral.

By this challenge is ſeen the deſire of revenge which often tranſports men beyond themſelves, ſo that they undertake unadviſedly any hazard rather than put up their injuries, by the

My

Fox his accepting of it ſhews that many times wiſdom is put to a non-plus and muſt accept of hard conditions or come off with ſhame. By the Apes cunning is ſignified, though a man be wiſe himſelf, yet it is not amiſs to take the Counſel of a friend.

My Wife he baſely did defile, which ſhame
Will ever ſtain her good and virtuous name.
Therefore I juſtly may revenge the wrong,
And ſince the ſecrets to our ſelves belong,
And none are privy to our Conſciences
That may atteſt the guilt as witneſſes:
Behold my gage, I challenge thee to fight,
That all may ſee whoſe Cauſe is moſt upright.
At which the Fox half ſcar'd a while did pauſe,
But then remembring that Sir *Iſgrim*'s Claws
Were not amended ſince they laſt were flead,
He in his anſwer boldly does proceed.
Sir you have Traytor call'd me, and I yield
To try it where I am ſo in the field,
'Tis what I moſt deſire, you are the man
Whom I deſire to combate with, and then
He took Sir *Iſgrim*'s Glove and caſt his own,
Saying by Arms the Traytor ſhall be known.
At which the King confirm'd the ſame and they
Deſir'd him that he wou'd appoint the day.
The Bear and *Tibert* for the Wolf ingag'd,
The Brock and Ape for *Reynard* ſurety wag'd;
The time of Battel being pitch'd upon,
The Ape thus boldly heartens *Reynard* on.
Saying, dear Kinſman hear my good advice,
I'll tell you an Experiment ſo nice
That in the worſt of dangers will not fail,
A Charm it is, that will o're all prevail.
Budello the great Abbot taught it me
Which faſting being ſaid no doubt will free
You from the greateſt danger that can fall,
Free you from death the dreadful'ſt fate of all.
For which Sir *Reynard* thank'd her heartily,
And ſaid his cauſe need not the Combat fly,
For it was juſt and needed no defence
But the protection of his Innocence.
Yet he would take her Counſel in each thing,
That he the Wolf might to deſtruction bring.

Then

Then ſhe adviſ'd him to ſhave off his hair
All but his Tail, to leave as ſmooth and bare
As poſſible, then ſhe anoynted him
With ſmootheſt Oyl, and made him ſlick and trim,
Which with his fatneſs bar'd all preſent hold,
Then how to uſe his tail ſhe did unfold.
To piſs on it ſaid ſhe I think the beſt,
Then daſh'd in the Wolfs Eyes will him moleſt,
And much deprive him of his ſight, the duſt
Likewiſe being ſprinkl'd will his courage worſt,
Which when you ſee; with eager bites purſue,
And your Aſſaults with courage great renew.
Seeing his Shooes are loſt, his feet are ſpoil'd,
Therefore by them you need not now be foil'd.
The Charm is this, be ſure obſerve it well,
Then on his crown her wide-ſpread paw it fell;
Now mark my words, *Bleard ſlay Alphenio,*
Rasbue Gorſons & Arsburentelo.
Now Kinſman be aſſur'd no danger can
Aſſault you, nor the pow'r of mortal Man
Prevail againſt you; therefore to your reſt,
Leſt you with too much waking be oppreſs'd.
Then *Reynard* did return her thanks, and lay'd
Upon the humble Earth, a Turf it ſtay'd
His nodding head: when day it did appear,
The Otter came and brought him ſuch good chear
As he had got; which was a Duck, then ſaid,
Dear Kinſman wake, of me be not afraid;
I've brought you meat to ſtrengthen you in fight,
I from the Fowler ſtole it in the night.
Sir *Reynard* thank'd him, and did ſwear if he,
Surviv'd the day, he would him gratifie.
Then greedily the new got prey he eat,
And drank three ſwindging draughts to quell his meat,
And when bright *Sol* on Earth his beams diſplay'd,
He in the Liſt his ſolemn Entrance made:
Which when the King beheld, a wonder roſe
At his new ſhape, which he did not diſcloſe

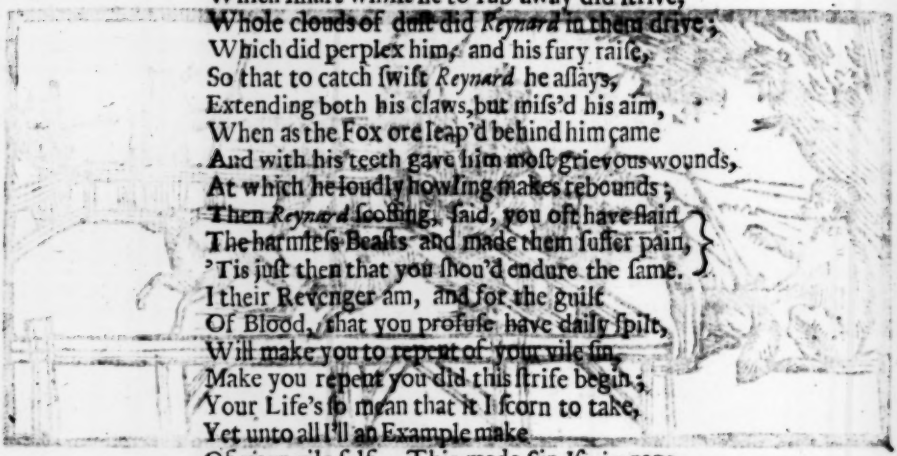
To any but his friends, before he came
Into the List, renown'd for so much Fame.
To whom he said, now I do well discern,
You are not Art in War as yet to learn,
'Tis gaining honour that you value most,
And not of Wealth or Riches that you boast.
At which the Fox bow'd low without reply,
As well observing haughty *Isgrim* nigh,
Who with proud steps did traverse all the ground,
And boasted loudly as he took his round.
Then was the Book unto Sir *Isgrim* given,
When he invok'd the sacred powr's of Heaven
To witness, that the Fox a Traytor was,
And that he fought in a most righteous Cause.
After the which Sir *Reynard* took the same,
And swore that he was guiltless, void of blame;
And that the Wolf was Thief and Traytor too,
And that to prove the same he meant to do.
When this was ended all Spectators yield,
That the late chosen Marshall of the field
Shou'd streight prepare the business for the fight,
Which was the *Libard*, as his place by right.
Then wise Dame *Rucknaw* thus to *Reynard* said,
Dear Nephew be not in the least dismaid,
But do as I advis'd, and you will speed
'Tis Wisdom that's in War the Victors meed:
Our Kindred you dear Sir will ever grace,
If that *Victoria* gives the upper place.
The which I doubt not if my counsel's try'd,
To whom the Fox with grateful words reply'd,
Fear not dear Aunt, my wisdom is not scant
Nor in the least do I good courage want;
My friends shall reap the glory of this day,
And Victory to me shall homage pay:
I wish it so said she with all my heart,
Then taking leave she joyful did depart.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Combate both with furious Vigor try,
And how the Fox *obtain'd the Victory.*

NOw all except the Gombatants withdraw,
As in the caſe is us'd by Martial Law.
When as the Wolf came with a furious Rage,
The Fox who on his guard ſtood to ingage,
Thinking him ſtrait with both his paws to ſeiſe,
But *Reynard* nimbly ſlipt him at his eaſe:
Yet oft Sir *Iſgrim* thunder'd on his crown,
And many times had like to've knock'd him down,
Then *Reynard* ſtraight began to play his Tail,
And with it does the Wolfs grim Jaws aſſail,
And with his piſs did almoſt blind his Eyes,
Which ſmart did *Iſgrim* grievouſly ſurprize,



Which ſmart whilſt he to rub away did ſtrive,
Whole clouds of duſt did *Reynard* in them drive;
Which did perplex him, and his fury raiſe,
So that to catch ſwift *Reynard* he aſſays,
Extending both his claws, but miſs'd his aim,
When as the Fox ore leap'd behind him came
And with his teeth gave him moſt grievous wounds,
At which he loudly howling makes rebounds;
Then *Reynard* ſcoffing, ſaid, you oft have ſlain
The harmleſs Beaſts and made them ſuffer pain,
'Tis juſt then that you ſhou'd endure the ſame.
I their Revenger am, and for the guilt
Of Blood, that you profuſe have daily ſpilt,
Will make you to repent of your vile ſin,
Make you repent you did this ſtrife begin;
Your Life's ſo mean that it I ſcorn to take,
Yet unto all I'll an Example make
Of your vile ſelf. This made Sir *Iſgrim* rage,
And with a ten-fold force the Fox ingage;
Yet was his skin ſo ſlick, he cou'd not hold,
But oft Sir *Reynard* 'twixt his legs made bold
To give him the back ſlip, and then behind
To bite him a convenient place wou'd find;
Or with his Tail take him a baſtenade,
Which ſtill more deſperate Sir *Iſgrim* made.
Then to himſelf ſaid he, my ſtrength is great,
And I may cruſh him with my pond'rous weight,
My Reputation ſuffers, and I looſe
My firmeſt hold, by wanting of my ſhooes.
Yet I'll not ſuffer this, with that he made
At him full drive, who nimbly did evade;
Yet with a ſecond Stroak he him flat laid
Upon the ground, then falling on him ſtrait,
Said, I'll an end now put to the debate.
Yet wanting of his claws, the Fox with ſpeed
His Eye ſtruck out, which grievouſly did bleed,
And made him to recoil, which when the Fox
Perceiv'd, he ſoon from his embrace unlocks,

Yet

Yet him in little ſpace he ſiezs'd again,
And grip'd him with an unexpreſſive pain;
Whilſt that for liberty he ſtrove, his foot
Between the Wolfs inraged jaws it got,
Which ſtirr'd him up to pride, ſaying, now yield,
Or on the ſpot, you ſhall be quickly kill'd:
No policy ſhall now prolong thy date,
When as the Fox did hear him this relate,
He thought it now no time for to contend,
But for releaſe his utmoſt wits does bend.
Saying, dear Unckle, ſave my life and I
With all that's mine will ſerve you faithfully;
All my Poſſeſſions and my paſture-Land,
Lordſhips and Wealth, ſhall be at your command,
And bound your ſlave I will for ever ſtand.
If you ſhou'd kill me, it wou'd nought avail,
And then henceforth you'd of my Counſels fail,
Which now ſhall be for ever firm, and I
In your dear ſervice wou'd be proud to dye.
This hearing, *Iſgrim* ſmilingly reply'd,
(Yet with diſdain) alas you cannot hide
With your Hypocriſie your falſe intent,
Your Life's now mine, ſince you my death late meant,
Nor ſhall the world reprieve you, for I know
Better than now for to releaſe the foe;
That has ſo greatly injur'd me: My Wife,
For her deep wrong, deſerveth now thy life,
And vengeance in full ſumm ſhall now be paid,
Nor ſhall thy Execution long be ſtaid.
Whilſt thus the Wolf did rave, the Fox bethought
Himſelf, and by the Stones with ſpeed he caught
His mighty foe, and pull'd there with ſuch ſtrength,
That *Iſgrim* with the torture howl'd at length;
So that his mouth being open'd, *Reynard* drew
His hand out of the ſame, and did purſue
His former gripe, ſo that in extreme pain,
He did beſeech the Fox, but all in vain,

The Moral.

The Wolfs fury ſhews a man diſperately bent upon revenge, whoſe rage makes him careleſs of his own ſafety: So that oftentimes he lays himſelf open to his enemies, who taking their advantage hurts him grievouſly, which had he proceeded deliberately and kept his guard, they could not have done. By

the Foxes uſing his tail, ſhews that many times weak inconſiderate things are more advantageous than ſtrong, by his catching the Fox ſhews that when a man has an opportunity, and knows not how to make uſe of the ſame, it ſeldom falls to his ſhare another time when he wiſhes it. Again, in fine, wiſdom always gives precedency and comes off with honour.

His Ears were ſtop'd, advantage he'd not loſe,
But now the time to wreck revenge does chuſe:
Till *Iſgrim* faint, falls in a deadly ſound,
And proſtrate lies upon the duſty ground;
Whilſt that the Fox by's heels does draw him round.
Nor ſpares him any whit, which being ſeen,
His friends all ſad, implore the King and Queen,
That they through pity now wou'd condeſcend
To give their orders for the Combate's end:
And that the King might yet decide the cauſe,
And judge of right according to his Laws.
He yields to their Requeſts, and ſtrait bids peace,
Commands the Marſhal make the Combate ceaſe;
And that the Wolf and Fox be brought with ſpeed,
Which was performed ſoon as he decreed.
Then ſaid the King, you both have bravely done,
But you Sir *Reynard* have the honour won:
The Victory is fallen to your ſhare,
As all who did behold the fight declare.
Then round about Sir *Reynard* flock'd his Kin,
And honour'd him as he'd their Soveraign been;
Dame *Rucknaw*, *Grimbard*, *Slopard*, and their young,
The *Weſel*, *Field-Mouſe*, *Feret*, *Otter*, throng.
With numbers more of leſs repute and fame,
A number numberleſs, too great to name.
All now wou'd be his kindred and rejoyce,
With an exault and an harmonious voice,
Whilſt that the Wolf all wounded ſhrinks for ſhame,
And him his friends with loud reproaches blame,
Not for his Wounds, but for his wounded Fame,
And through the field his cowardiſe proclaim.
But for the Fox, no praiſes were too great,
This is the mode of every worldly State,
Still to adore the Riſing-Sun, and all
To turn from him who by miſchance does fall.
Then did the King for *Reynards* ſake command,
A ſolemn feaſt to be throughout the Land;

Whilſt

Whilſt with loud Muſick, Hills and Dales reſound,
And Woods ſeem'd pleas'd with the melodious ſound;
Victoria ſtill before the Fox they cry'd,
And him of his great Conqueſt loudly joy'd.
For which he thank'd them, and deſir'd to know,
If he his Wreath ſhou'd on the King beſtow?
Yes ſaid Dame *Slopard*, nothing is more wiſe,
For thereby will your honour greater riſe:
So all in Rank and File attend upon
The King, until he's ſeated on his Throne.
Then on his knees the Fox moſt humbly falls,
When mildly thus to him the Lion calls,
Sir *Reynard* riſe, you have much honour won,
And now the dreadful fight is paſt and done.
You may rejoyce at ſuch a Victory,
You ſhall no more the dreadful Combate try;
But here of all thoſe Crimes I ſet you free,
Which have objected been, of what degree
Or nature, they were by the conquer'd laid,
And what complaints ſoever others made,
Your freedom is your own; the blame retort
On me, if any dare to blame me for't,
As for the Wolf, who durſt propoſe the thing,
When's wounds are cur'd, he in a Rope ſhall ſwing;
For I to judgment 'gainſt him will proceed,
And he ſhall dye, as I have now decreed.
Then ſaid the Fox, my gracious Lord I give
All humble thanks, and ſhall be whilſt I live
Your Servant to command, and will obey,
What ere your Highneſs ſhall unto me ſay.
When firſt that to your Highneſs Court I came,
A number did me with complaints defame,
And wou'd my Life as willingly have ſiez'd,
If that your Highneſs to give ear had pleas'd.
Thoſe whom I injur'd not, did ſeek my fall,
But Heav'n now witneſs! I forgive them all.
They thought the Wolf's great favour wou'd have been,
A cloak to cover their audacious Sin:

And that your Majesties Respects were great
For him, and he shou'd next you take his seat.
This was the cause so many sought my wo,
And cou'd they do't, my life wou'd overthrow.
These men my Lord, are like to hounds that lay
Upon a Dunghil, near a broad path way,
That lead unto a great man's House, to wait
For those that usually did bring them meat:
When on a sudden they espy'd a Hound,
That a fair Rib of Beef well flesh'd had found,
Or stollen from the Cook, for he pursu'd
And scalding water on his hind-parts strew'd;
Which made him howl with pain, and thence did share
Off all the skin, together with the hair.
But they not woting that, began to cry
The Cook was kind to him, alas for why
He had bestow'd so great a portion, but
The Curr reply'd, I this by stealth have got
And for it dearly paid, as you may see.
By my Posteriours, if you view but me.
When looking, they beheld how he had paid
For the adventurous theft he lately made:
They yelping cry'd, he did deserve his prey,
Because he for it did so dearly pay;
Nor would they share the like for all the store
That house contain'd, nay not for three times more.
So fled amazed, to behold his wound,
And wou'd not in his company be found,
Lest they should be suspected for his guilt,
And on their backs have scalding water spilt:
Yet could have wish'd, so they might scape the pain,
With all their hearts, for to have shar'd the gain.
This is the fashion of the world, and all
Wish to win honour, so no harm may fall,
So they may rise and scape, they care not how
The Rich they flatter, and the poor disvow.
When as there's danger in preferments way,
They leave the path, and wide from it they stray;

The

The Rich have many Friends, but they that grow
Poor in the World, and have their fortunes low,
Looſe all: for like to Swallows they will fly,
When as the Winter of your wealth draws nigh.
Many like Hounds when once 'tis in their pow'r,
Live upon ſpoil, and all they meet devour;
Whilſt that their greatneſs bears them out, and none
Dare ask the reaſon why ſuch things are done,
But rather ſide, and help them in their ill,
Although it be the blood of ſuch to ſpill
Who ventur'd to control their lawleſs will.
But Virtue acts far otherwiſe, and I
Wou'd loſe my Life, before I wou'd comply
With ſuch injuſtice. 'Twas for this the Bear
And *Iſgrim* did theſe forged lies prepare,
To take my Life, becauſe my piercing Eye
Into the depth of their ill deeds did pry,
Thinking if once they could be rid of me,
They uncontrol'd might act their Villany.
But ſee how Fortune and my lucky Fate,
The harm they meant me did to them tranſlate,
My gracious Lord, if you but note them well,
You'l find all true, your humble ſlave doth tell.
When great ones form a Plot againſt their King,
The little Knaves firſt on the Stage they bring
To clear the way; that they may Act their part,
And vent the Rancor that oreflows the heart:
So if they proſper in their curs'd Deſign,
The great ones own it, and with them ſoon joyn.
But if detected in their Villany,
They are diſown'd, and none did them imploy.
And though they do accuſe them, 'tis in vain,
Their greatneſs bears down truth, though nere ſo plain.
Thus oft the Laws like Spider-webs are made,
Hornets break through, but ſimple flies are ſtaid.
Theſe things great Sir obſerve, you may find out
The flattering Traytors, that ſtill lurk about

In great Mens Houses: Nor's your Palace free,
From such as give their minds to Treachery.
Who sell the poor, and will the Rich betray,
For cursed Gold, that now bears all the sway,
The mischiefs that it does cannot be told,
Lives, Liberty's, and all are bought for Gold.
For it the Courtier often pawns his Soul,
Betrays his trust, and will have no controul:
But as for me, I stedfast will remain,
Though evil men do strive my deeds to stain,
And will adore your Highness above all
That live by breath, around this earthly Ball;
And in your Servant you may well confide,
Who in your service has so oft been try'd,
Firm I'll remain, unto my latest breath,
And nought will shake my Loyalty but death.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIIII.

The King forgives the Fox, and makes him great,
Placing him next to his high Chair of State,
And how he nobly being attended went,
To Malepardus *by the Kings Conſent.*

WHen as the King heard what the Fox had ſaid,
And what Excuſe he for himſelf had made.
Reynard, reply'd he, I expect from you,
That you henceforth do pay me Homage due;
Be but obedient, and I'll make you great,
And do appoint you Counſellor of State.
The Title of Lord *Reynard* you ſhall bear,
So long as you to walk upright take care,
For if your wiſdom be imploy'd but well,
It does all others in my Court excel;
And I ſhall take the Counſel that you give,
And it as from an *Oracle* believe.

Thoſe I will puniſh that dare you offend,
And ever hold you as my chiefeſt Friend,
And now by Proclamation do command,
My Officers and Subjects through the Land
To pay you Reverence, which who neglects,
I'll take it as to me their diſ-reſpects.
At this both *Reynard* and his Kindred ſmil'd,
And thank'd the King, who him Lord *Reynard* ſtil'd:
Then did the King admoniſh all his Kin,
To give him Admonition ſtill to win
More favour, which might be,
By perſevering in his Loyalty.
Which when Dame *Rucknaw* heard, ſhe ſaid,
My Lord, you need not be of him afraid,
I will ingage he ſtill his faith ſhall hold,
In ſpight of all the batteries made with Gold;
If he caſt off Allegiance, we'll agree
All to revenge ſo baſe a Treachery,
This *Reynard* hearing, for himſelf thus ſpake,
If I be falſe, let all my Kin forſake
And perſecute me, let infamous Death,
At that ſame moment ſtop the Road of Breath;
Shall I offend againſt a Prince ſo good,
That has heap'd honours on me like a flood,
Which I deſerved not? No, but I will learn
How I may thoſe your royal Favours earn,
My Counſels in the dangers of the State
Shall ſtill pernicious men anticipate,
The Moral. And fruſtrate their deſigns, no Plot ſhall thrive
Whilſt faithful *Reynard* does remain alive.
By the dignities and great places of truſt conferred upon the Fox by the Lyon, we are given to underſtand, that good luck comes ſwift and unexpected to ma-
This ſaid, he humbly begg'd leave to depart,
Which the King granted him with all his heart;
Deſiring him to ſolace with his Friends,
And for the toilſome Combat make amends,
So *Reynard* taking leave with ſpeed deſcends
And joyfully to *Malepardus* bends.
Whilſt the poor Wolf tormented was with pain,
And all his Friends of his hard fate complain;

Who

Who weeping, drew him from the field where they
Provided for him a ſoft Bed of Hay,
In which they kept him warm, and dreſs'd his wounds,
Whilſt he as oft fell into deadly ſwounds
And loſt his Sences, at which his poor Wife
And all his Friends deſpaired of his Life,
Uſing all means, and medicine they could get
To cure the places where the Fox had bit.
Which when the Chirurgeons came to ſearch, he howl'd
Louder than ever Fiſh-wife yet cou'd ſcold,
And curs'd his dusky Stars, that had gin place
To his hard hap, and ſuch a foul diſgrace,
Rolling his Eyes, whilſt Anguiſh ſeas'd each part,
And drew up ſighs from many a doleful heart.
Mean time the Fox attended with a train
Of warlike Kindred ſtruts it ore the Plain,
All Beaſts that met him bowing to the ground,
Nor wanted Muſick of melodious ſound;
Now all the Beaſts that made of him complaint,
Came, and with low ſubmiſſion ſpeaking faint
For his long Life, his Health, and Safety pray,
Implor'd his pardon, and confeſs'd that they
Had done amiſs, but wou'd do ſo no more,
And a ſtrict Alliance with him did implore:
Reſolving to ſtand by him from that time,
And never more to charge him with a Crime.
Thoſe were moſt inveterate 'gainſt him fled,
Each one for fear that he ſhould looſe his head,
For now they ſaw his policy was great,
And he moſt fit to guide the helm of State.
Tibert betook him to the Trees, nor durſt
From thence deſcend, till by Embaſſie firſt
His peace he made with lordly *Reynard*, who
Now with the King had all things pow'r to do.
So that with awful reverance each Beaſt,
Strove of his favours to be firſt poſſeſs'd,
Becauſe they knew, if he deſir'd the thing.
What ere it was, it would well pleaſe the King.

ny, now when once they gain the pitch of honour and preferment, all people flatter them though before they ſpoke never ill or contemptibly of them. By the wolf we may underſtand that when a man is fallen into contempt and diſgrace by any ſiniſter Event, every one flies and derides him, unleſs his very near Relations, who have a feeling ſence of his miſery and bear a ſympathy or part in his ſufferings, as for the beaſts ſubmiſſion and earneſtneſs to make peace with the Fox. We learn thas though our cauſe be never ſo juſt, yet it is better to forego it, and endeavour a reconciliation when we have to do with a powerful Adverſary.

The pow'r of life and death was in his hand,
Which at his word the Lyon would command,
This being known, the Wood's Inhabitants
Came loaded with choice gifts, as to the Saints
Old marble Shrines the weary Pilgrims us'd,
Whilſt Superſtition all the world abus'd;
Travelling through the wild *Arabia* they
With painful ſteps *Paleſtin*'s Land ſurvey,
And *Canaan*, *Jacobs* old Inheritage,
Where dwelt his Sons, till they grew blind with rage
Againſt their Lord, and Crucifi'd that God,
Who on a fiery Clond before them road;
Through the Red-Sea, where *Pharoahs* Hoaſt was drownd,
And to the bottom much like lead ſunk down:
There weary, clad with Garments courſe, they roam
To find and pay Devotion at the Tomb
Or Sepulchre, where once our bleſt Lord lay,
Thinking by that to purge their ſins away.
So from from each Grove and Forreſt throng'd the rout
Of ſimple Beaſts, to find Lord *Reynard* out;
For ſince the Lyon Proclamation made,
Throughout his Empire he ſhould be obey'd:
All that on four feet trod were ſore diſmai'd
And came to him with what they had in ſtore,
What Woods, or Fields, or choiceſt Gardens bore:
The fiſhy flouds they drain'd, both Pond and Lake
Were div'd and ſearcht for great Sir *Reynards ſake*,
By ſuch amphibious Beaſts, as can with eaſe
On Earth or in the Water which they pleaſe,
Live and be ſafe; for either Element
Affords them pleaſure, and does yield content.
Theſe crouding came, to meet him in his way,
And humbly bow'd their gratitude to pay,
All ſwearing Love, and firm Fidelity,
And that to him they nothing wou'd deny.
So when a Kingdom is ſubdu'd by War,
To ſave their Lives and Lands the Rich repair,
To faun and flatter the ſtern Conquerer.

Whilſt

Whilſt he that's conquer'd's ſcarcely thought upon,
By them who did before the Battle own
All vaſſallage, and crawl'd beneath his feet,
Whilſt Fortune did conſent to make him great;
He that the ſcale can turn of Victory,
Shall ſtill ſail with the ſtream of flattery.
Now, now the Court was drain'd to wait on him,
Whom the moſt part not long ſince did condemn,
And wiſh'd his blood, by Execution ſpill'd,
Or that by the grim Wolf he might be kill'd.
But this they now diſſembl'd and expreſs'd,
How they above all creatures lov'd him beſt;
And wiſh'd he might be more abundant bleſt
And damn'd the Wolf unto the pit of Hell,
Who durſt ſuch lies of great Lord *Reynard* tell.
The *Cock* and *Cony* came with all their train,
And humbly ſu'd, that now they might obtain
A pardon and forgiveneſs for what they
Againſt the Fox unto the King did ſay,
And in their hands they did peace-offerings bring,
And loudly did the Foxes praiſes ſing.
Nay I did hear, the Bear did ſend to treat
That he might lay himſelf at *Reynards* feet,
And be at peace with him, Dame *Arſewind* too
For *Iſgrims* life unto the Fox did ſue;
As knowing the Kings Oath, and that none durſt
Approach the King, unleſs they asked firſt
In that Affair great *Reynards* leave, for why
For wronging him it was that he muſt dye:
And he excepted none might ask his life;
Thus went the game of which fame was ſo rife;
That it was nois'd in Mountain, Hill or Dale,
And all the Friends of *Iſgrim* look'd as pale
As if grim Death had ſeas'd them, nor could one
Tell what to think, or what was to be done.
Whilſt gathering Troops did ſtill extend, the rear
Of thoſe who waited on him, ſome with fear,

Others

Others with joy, as hoping to be great,
And riſe with him whom they had ſtood by late,
And that in joy as well as ſorrow they
Should ſhare with him, his new got glorious day.
Now when Lord *Reynard* within ſight did come,
Of *Malepardus* his own ſtately room,
He ſent a Meſſenger to make it known
Unto his Wife, what honours had been done
Him by the King, the which when underſtood,
She came to meet him with her new-trim'd brood,
And all her Kindred that did longing ſtay,
To know how he had ſcap'd that dangerous day.
When all the train was come unto the Gate,
Reynard commands to give them ſtore of meat;
That he before his going to the Court
Had laid in ſtore, not knowing in what ſort
He ſhould be dealt withal, though he could gueſs,
That it would fall out then it had no leſs,
Here Feaſts and Revels were held for three days,
And each to *Reynard* due Reſpect now pays:
Intreating him to ſpeak unto the King,
That he would them unto promotion bring,
Pouring out flatteries at any rate,
Whilſt he to hear his loud Applauſes ſate.
Thus may we ſee how this frail world can turn,
This hour to laughter, and the next to mourn;
Honour's ambitious bait, at that moſt reach,
And thoſe that cannot high Preferment catch,
Admire the riſing-Sun, that ſits where they
Cannot attain, though oft they did eſſay.
The Favourite's ador'd, and ſtill has praiſe,
Be's Action ne're ſo vile, perverſe his ways,
And all his Converſation little leſs
Than Murther, Riot, drinking to Exceſs,
Midnight Debauches, and what may n't be nam'd,
Even ſuch as never was in ſtory fam'd:
Yet this is he (whilſt well deſerving men
Are quite forgot) muſt flow from every pen.

Mony's

Mony's the hinges or the moving wheel
On which things turn, 'tis that does more than ſteel,
The Mammon of this world, is he who ſtill
Has power to act what wickedneſs he will:
Aided by him, are bloody Wars puſh'd on,
Kingdoms are ruin'd, and great States undone;
Gold is the Key that opens wide each Gate,
'Tis that which cauſes either Love or Hate.
The more's the pity, it ſhould have ſuch power
To make men brutes, and ready to devour
Each other, whilſt for it to Law they go,
And eagerly purſue the overthrow
Of their own Kin. For that the Son expects
His Fathers Death, and ſlow-pace-time corrects.
Grieving the Fates, ſo long ſpin out his Life,
To bar his Pleaſures that would elſe grow rife,
Romes Plots and dire Conſpiracy by this
At firſt took breath, though Heav'n be thank'd they miſs
What they aim'd at, nor could they ſo ſpeed,
As did the Fox, though *Rome* does Foxes breed;
Who craftily our walls do undermine,
To ſeaſe our Vinyard, and deſtroy the Vine:
Such are the Jeſuits, whoſe fatal hands
Do Seal Damnation with their dire Commands,
And ſeek to water this our Iſle with Blood,
And drown Religion in a crimſon flood,
An Antidote againſt their Cruelty,
Is Peace, ſweet Concord, or true Harmony;
Let Poor and Rich be cordially eſteem'd,
So that their ways be juſt and upright deem'd.
Sin is the door which lets in all our wo,
Was that cloſe bar'd, none ere could overthrow;
Wiſdom I muſt confeſs ſhould keep it faſt,
But ſhe's aſleep, and e'n may ſleep her laſt,
For none regards her, though ſhe's hoarſe with crying,
'Gainſt Murther, Theft, falſe-Swearing, Fraud and Lying:
For like the Fox, by them men find moſt gain,

Though

Though they hereafter bring eternal pain.
Plain dealing's banished, and the man who can
Not now dissemble, is scarce thought a man,
What shame is it for Protestants to jate,
And in their hearts themselves to launce and scar,
Whilst Popish Imps do laugh to see it done,
Hoping at last they with the Prize shall run;
As *Esops* Fox did with the Fawn so young,
For which the Lion and the Bear fought long,
Till both were tyr'd, so that he unpursu'd
Bore thence the prey, and did them both deride?
Thus have we seen, and in this tract may find
A moral Wisdom that will please the mind,
And if well scan'd, and rightly understood,
It being practis'd may produce much good;
Or if the ignorant take this in hand,
That the true meaning cannot understand,
Yet 'tis delightful, and can do no harm,
But against drowziness may prove a Charm.

Reader I end, both of us take our Lot,
You have the Pleasure I the Trouble got.

FINIS.